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COLLEGE
MAGAZINE.

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WINTER TERM-1913.



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HARTLEY UNIVERSITY
COLLEGE MAGAZINE.

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WINTER TERM - 1913.



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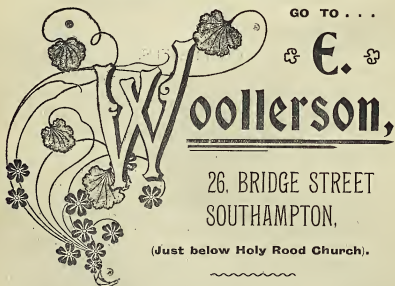
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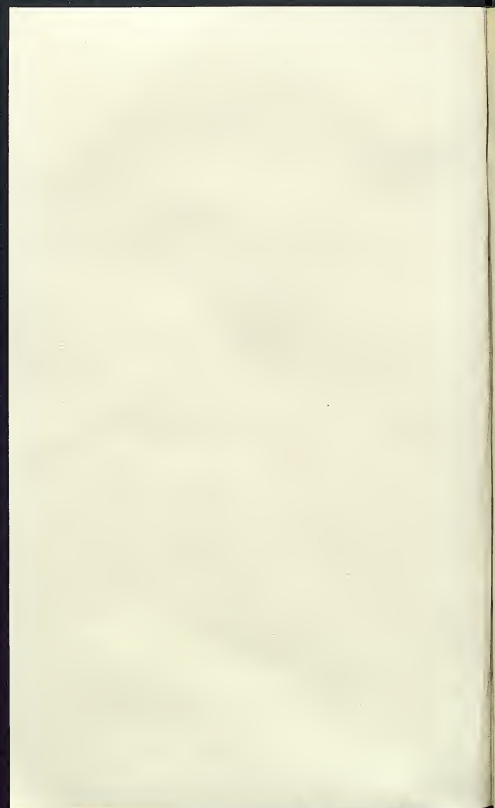
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THE
Hartley University College Magazine.

= = *Editorial Notes.* - -

Nihil dictum quod non dictu m prius.
(Nothing is said, which has not been said before).

It is always the privilege of those responsible for this Magazine to keep up the ancient custom of welcoming the freshers to the College. Our welcome is none the less hearty and sincere because it is customary, and necessarily belated. By the time these pages are being read (probably in the midst of terminals, or more happily in a train speeding homewards) the juniors will have spent the whole of the Christmas term with us, and most of them will have schooled themselves to lectures, digs and the common-room. Certainly, all of them will have laid the foundations of an enduring affection for Hartley as their Alma Mater. We would remark especially on the delightful spirit of unity and comradeship that prevails between seniors and juniors, and also amongst the various departments. The exclusiveness and contrary interests which sometimes mar the social life of a College cannot be said to exist in our midst.

The issue of a Magazine is always accompanied by a good deal of apprehension on the part of its sponsors, who like an old preacher must take as their guide, a threefold text—Firstly; Tradition. Coming new to the work, we shall find great difficulty in maintaining the fine traditions so ably passed on to us by many generations of editors, and although it is far from our minds to make an apologetic and cringing entry to the notice of our readers, knowing full well that we represent a lusty and youthful College, yet the greatness of these traditions impresses upon us the need for diffidence. Secondly; the diversity in Tastes, all of which demand

gratification, would be appalling to any but an omnipotent being, were it not for the fact that all these tastes agree so far as they are good taste. That is a touchstone acceptable to all. Thirdly, and lastly, we have to suit all tempers. To please all we would have to be at once serious and gay, caustic and gentle, profound and light, censorious and sympathetic. To try to please all, would be to please none.

Ne Jupiter quidem omnibus placet.
(Jupiter himself cannot please everybody).

We can only say that we will do our best to secure the maximum possible of approval by using that magic phrase Good temper as our criterion.

E. W.

At the opening of the Session we welcomed to the staff Miss A. G. Fox, B.A., Lecturer in Education; Mr. E. M. Aron, B.A., Lecturer in German and Spanish; and Mr. C. B. Fawcett, B.Sc., B.Litt., Lecturer in Geography, now a separate department.

Miss Fox, who succeeds to the Lectureship vacated by Miss Cussans, is a graduate of London University, and before coming to Southampton was a Resident Tutor and Lecturer at the Orford Hall Training College, Warrington.

Mr. Aron had a brilliant career at Cambridge, where he took first classes in the Mediæval and Modern Languages Tripos, with distinction in both German, and Spanish, and has had considerable experience of travel and commerce in Germany, Spain and Brazil. His stay with us, we regret to say, has been but brief. Mr. Aron returns to commercial life at the end of this term. Our German and Spanish are rusty, and we have no dictionaries at hand. Otherwise we would wish him success in both languages. Our consolatory thought is that Mr. Aron is not going abroad again, but only to London.

Mr. Fawcett is an old student of University College, Nottingham, from which he took the London B.Sc. He afterwards went into residence at Oxford, where he gained the Diploma in Geography, with distinction for a regional essay on his native district of Teesdale, and was awarded the B.Litt. degree for an original thesis on "Fiord Peoples." He is a Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society. Mr. Fawcett was on the Committee which has revised the geographical section of the Board of Education's "Sugges-

tions for Teachers." He is a prominent member of the Geographical Association, and is endeavouring, with fair prospects of success, to revive, in the form of a branch of that organisation, the Geographical Society which previously existed in Southampton.

Mr. Street, after four terms on the Hartley Staff, is leaving us to take up a Lectureship in Mathematics at the University of Liverpool. In his new position Mr. Street will be the worthy successor of several brilliant Cambridge mathematicians. We are very sorry to lose him, and our best wishes attend him.

Thanks to the employment of a very strong firm of contractors, Messrs. Moss & Co., of Loughborough, the work on the new College buildings at Highfield has been proceeding with extreme rapidity. Anyone who likes to walk past the scene at even as late as seven o'clock at night will find the yards blazing with electricity and will be able to listen to the music of the saws making their way through the stone for the facings. Already the south wing is roofed in, and carpenters and decorators are engaged upon the interior of the building. There can be little doubt that the whole of this block will be ready for occupation early next summer.

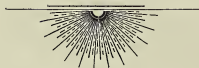
The Principal's Extension Lectures on Browning at the Avenue Hall during the past term have attracted large attendances, including a considerable proportion of students, two of whom, Mr. Price and Mr. Carpenter, have kept the doors with a happy mixture of the *suaviter in modo* and the *fortiter in re*. In the course of his lectures Dr. Hill can have left few points of the poet's character, genius, and message untouched, and the touch has been so sympathetic and felicitous that it must have commended the study of Browning to many who previously had been over-influenced by the familiar charges of obscurity, prolixity, and metrical perversity.

On one of the evenings announced the Principal was unable, through illness, to appear, but Professor Lyttel stepped into the breach with a lecture in which he gave a clear and forcible account and estimate of the achievements of Alfred the Great. Alfred, he said, was not so original as was often supposed. He was essentially an organiser and an improver. But the true greatness of the man and his work, tested by any sound criteria, was beyond controversy.

Next term Professor Sutherland is to give a course of three Extension Lectures on "Evolution." We trust they will be well attended.

The Principal has been elected Chairman and Professor Watkin a member of a provisional Committee that has been formed to take steps for the revival of the Southampton branch of the Workers' Educational Association.

The recent publishing season has been marked by the appearance of the standard "Life" of Florence Nightingale, and an account of her work occupied the central place in the historical survey of hygienic conditions in the army which Surgeon-General Evatt, C.B., gave in his lectures in the College Hall on the Chadwick Trust. The lecturer had been intimately associated with Florence Nightingale both during the Crimean War and subsequently, and was thus able to give many personal recollections. The Surgeon-General is an extremely eloquent Irishman, with more than a fair allowance of native humour, and his hold over his audience was complete. An interesting feature was his explanation of the origin of some familiar military terms. Thus he told us that "tattoo" is a term that was introduced during the wars of Marlborough for a parade of drummers in the evening sounding the signal "Taps to!" (close or turn off all taps), in other words, "No more drinking!"—a precaution which, said the General, was far more necessary in those days than it is now. "Taps to" became "tattoo" by corruption.



HONOURS LIST.

* * *

It is our pleasant duty to congratulate those students who have passed their London University and other Examinations.

We give a list of the successful candidates:—

Bachelor of Arts.

Miss H. M. Charlesworth (2nd Div. Pass); Messrs. L. Daniels (2nd Div. Pass); F. Turner (2nd Div. Pass); R. J. C. Weber (2nd Div. Pass); T. Williams (2nd Div. Pass); G. Powell (2nd Div. Pass).

Bachelor of Science.

Messrs. G. Reeves (1st Class Honours, Chemistry); C. K. Ingold (2nd Class Honours, Chemistry); C. S. Agate, B.Sc., (2nd Class Honours, Maths.); F. W. Brown (1st Div. Pass); A. S. Arnold (2nd Div. Pass); George Jones (2nd Div. Pass); W. G. Ridge (2nd Div. Pass); Roger, W. A. (2nd Div. Pass);

Bachelor of Science (Engineering).

Mr. M. H. King.

Intermediate Examination in Arts.

Messrs. C. B. Bamford, C. S. Gibbs, H. N. Lett, P. C. Wright, H. J. C. Alford (excluding English); R. J. Bateman (English), R. A. Hone (English).

Intermediate Examination in Science.

Messrs. F. J. W. Booker, G. F. Clark, F. B. J. Cleary, E. W. Godden, J. G. Marshall, R. Newman, R. G. Plumley, J. C. Maddox.

Miss F. M. Loader.

Intermediate Examination in Engineering.

Messrs. H. H. Atrill, R. H. Quinton.

First Examination for Medical Degrees.

Miss E. M. Burnett.

Royal College of Science Exhibitions.

Messrs. C. K. Ingold, M. Reeves.

Appointments in Colonial Survey.

Messrs. H. Humby, B.Sc., P. Moriarty.

FROM THE FAR EAST,

✦ ✦ ✦

Professor Eustice has kindly sent us a letter he has received from a former student, Mr. C. Tigar. We have very much pleasure in publishing it, as we are always glad to know of the doings of old members of the College.

KUANTUN,
PAHANA,
F.M.S.,
13/7/13.

DEAR SIR,

Some account of the work out here will, I am quite sure, interest you.

I am stationed at Kuantun, the chief port, which is situated in the district of Kuantun on the east coast. It is a very cosmopolitan place, the population consisting of about 40,000 people, mainly Malays, Chinese, Javanese, Indians, and some Japanese and Siamese, with barely a hundred white people.

There are four P.W.D. engineers in this district, *i.e.*, one executive in charge, one assistant engineer at Kuantun, and two others having divisions of about 25 miles each on a road under construction across the peninsular.

Each year a sum of money is devoted to certain works, and the Government Offices and court buildings of which I am in charge are to cost £8,000. Besides these I have charge of concrete drainage work costing £5,000, and the maintenance of 28 miles of road with an expenditure of £4,000 per annum and also an harbour work costing £8,000.

The important part of the harbour work is the cutting of a channel 12-ft. deep at L.W. O.S.T. through a sand bar at the mouth of the Kuantun River. This work, which was commenced before I arrived, has been carried on with great difficulty, as the N.E. monsoon is very much felt on this coast and our dredger and tug boat were sunk. We hope to get through this year. Messrs. Coode, Son & Matthews were the engineers consulted by the Government.

The road running across the State will be 150 miles long and the maximum gradient 1 in 30, and it is to cost about \$6,000,000.

I had an idea that the men in the East did not work very much. I know now that that idea was wrong—they, or the majority, work hard.

It is surprising to find what a number of the Southern Indians have given up Hinduism and become Christians. Strange to say the only church in Kuantun was paid for and is used only by the Tamil Roman Catholics. The Malays have their mosque and the Chinese and Indian Sikhs their temples. The Europeans have no place of worship and spend their Sundays in shooting snipe when they are in season.

Yours faithfully,

L. A. TIGAR.

KEIN MITLEID.

* * *

"I have a cold, a horrid cold,
It fills up all my head.
Come! surely you now pity me."
"Kein Mitleid, sir," she said.

"If it grows worse I really think
I'll have to go to bed;
Then, surely, you will sorry be."
"Kein Mitleid, sir," she said.

"But it may bring on other ills,
And news may come—'He's dead!'
Then, surely, you will drop a tear."
"Kein Mitleid, sir," she said.

"But if *you* had a horrid cold
You'd surely want ——" I said.
She closed my sentence quickly with
"Kein Mitleid." Then she fled.

MAN AND THE EARTH. ❧ ❧

✦ ✦ ✦

MAN is entirely dependent on the earth for the satisfaction of all his physical needs, and has therefore been very strongly influenced at all stages of his development by the nature of the land on which he lives. The prominent place given to the Earth Gods (or, more often, Goddesses) in many mythologies is an indication that the fact of man's dependence on the earth was early recognized. In our crowded modern cities this truth is sometimes less obvious; but the dependence of the Englishman on the land is not lessened by the facts that his wheat may be grown in Canada rather than on his own fields, and that the wool for his factories and his clothing comes from Australia as well as from the Downs.

The most pressing and immediate of man's many needs is that of food. His first prayer is still "Give us *this day* our *daily* bread." And until a sufficient and regular supply of food is secured to a man he is capable of no other form of activity than an unrelenting search for such a supply. Except in a few small regions of warm and very equable climate, such as some of the Pacific islets, the need of shelter against cold and storms is only less urgent than that of food. Hunger and cold are the enemies against whom man has always and everywhere to maintain a ceaseless war. This war is as keen to-day as at any period of the past for the great majority of the human race. In it there is no truce, and no possibility of peace; and those alone are exempt who are able and willing to shirk their share of the world's work and live as parasites on their fellows.

The conditions of the struggle for existence in any given region are fixed by its climate, its soil and relief, its plant and animal life, its mineral wealth or poverty, and its relations to other regions. Hence the study of these factors is a matter of vital importance and of intense human interest. Some of them may be modified in details by human activity. Man can exterminate some animals and plants, and transfer others from one region to another. He can modify the soil and vegetation by cultivation and drainage. But he can only modify small details of the land surface; over the climate he has no control; and his power to influence vegetation is narrowly limited by climatic conditions, and still further by his lack of knowledge.

The dominant factor in the life of any people is the food-supply. And the changes in the methods by which this has been obtained at different periods mark the great stages of human history. The extent of the gap between the Tasmanian palæolithic aborigine and his civilized successor in that island is suggested by the complete dependence of the former on the natural products he could gather—in the form of shell-‘fish,’ grubs, insects, small animals, roots, etc.,—from the meagre resources of a small isolated land, in contrast to the wider resources of the latter in the form of introduced plants and animals; experience accumulated in other lands, and the power of importing articles (such as tea) which the island cannot produce. The former had no means of crossing the sea and communicating with other men. The latter benefits by a free intercourse with all the world, and so profits by all the achievements of the civilized peoples. He is the ‘Heir of All the Ages’; the other had wandered away to a dark corner and stagnated there in utter isolation. Tasmania maintained less than 3,000 aborigines in a state of semi-starvation varied by actual famine. It now supports nearly a hundred times as many Britons in comfort and security, and has room for ten times its present population.

The collection of fruit or roots leaves no permanent memorials; but the allied collection of ‘shell-fish’ has left records, in the shell-heaps or kitchen-middens which have been found on so many shores, from Scandinavia to Tasmania and from Alaska to Cape Horn, of the fact that this mere collection of such food as occurs naturally was for a very long period the chief resource of primitive man. Such collection made very slight demands on the intelligence of the peoples, and required very few tools; but its uncertainty, and the consequent frequent famines, must have urged even the least intelligent to seek intermittently to extend the range of their food-supply.

The first and most obvious method of doing this is by hunting the other animals. But the hunter requires more tools and greater skill in using them. The tools of the collector need include only a stick and some means of carrying the articles gathered together; while the hunter needs also a knife of some sort, and a missile weapon. Along some shores the food offered by the sea, in the form of seals, sea-otters, whales and other mammals, and fish, was much more abundant and easily accessible than that available on land; and to reach this supply a boat of some kind was also necessary. The missile weapon, developed from the thrown stick or stone, varied according to the conditions under which it was used.

Some peoples did not rise beyond forms of the throwing-stick, as was the case with the Australians, perhaps because of the poverty of the Australian flora. In the dense undergrowth of the equatorial forests the feeble blowpipe, with its poisoned darts, was the characteristic weapon. In lighter forests and over the great grasslands, where there was room to move, the bow and arrow could be used and proved far more effective. For the sea-hunter, crouched in an unstable canoe, a different missile was needed, and the throwing-stick here developed into the harpoon. Various forms of the sling were very widely distributed, but these were less important weapons.

The addition of hunting to collecting, which it nowhere entirely superseded, was a great advance as a means of obtaining food; but it could not be, on land, a final solution of the problem, because every increase of skill in hunting tended to reduce the numbers of the game and so lessen rather than increase the total supply of food. In the sea the numbers of the animals sought were so great that no efforts of primitive hunters and fishers could seriously reduce the supply; and hence sea-hunting and fishing formed, for some coast peoples, a permanent and sufficient source of food. The Eskimos are an example of a people dependent almost solely on hunting, and, until white men reduced the numbers of the seals and whales, they formed a fairly stable group of communities, very closely adapted to the rigorous conditions of life in the Arctic; though, like all hunting peoples, they suffered from occasional famines.

Collection and hunting are examples of what is well styled 'robber economy,' as a result of which the region so exploited becomes progressively poorer and less able to supply the needs of its inhabitants. The more strenuously and successfully this method of exploitation of natural resources is carried on, the shorter is the period during which it can be profitable, or even possible. No permanent advance towards greater security of life can be made under such a system.

On the vast grasslands the hunter's game consisted of the large herds of herbivores, and he must necessarily follow these in their seasonal migrations. In North America the prairie Amerind, the 'Noble Red Man,' was in fact little more than one of the camp-followers of the armies of the bison. But on the Eurasian steppes man was, ages ago, successful in his attempts to subdue some of the animals to his service. At what period the horse became a domestic animal is unknown; but that addition to his tools made man the master of the herds, and transformed him from hunter to herdsman. By the aid of the horse he could travel faster than the cattle,

and as a hunter could destroy them, and this threatened destruction of his food-supply compelled him to protect and control the herds, and so differentiated the man-pack from the wolf-pack. There was thus established on the grasslands of the northern part of the Old World what was probably the first stable form of social organization, the pastoral nomadic life. The peoples were still nomadic, following their herds northward as the steppes became green with grass on the melting of the winter snows, climbing to the higher valleys and plateaus as the summer sun scorched and withered the grass of the lowlands, and seeking sheltered valleys when the blizzards of winter swept the open country. From the herds they obtained almost all the necessities of life. Their chief food was milk (and milk-products) and flesh. Their clothing and tents were woven from the hair or wool or made from the skins of their animals. Even their vessels for holding liquids were of skin. And many of their weapons and utensils were of bone. The nomadic life compelled them to keep their impedimenta as small as possible; hence their wealth was in their flocks and herds, which could transport and reproduce themselves. The great size of many of the herds and the necessity of defending them against wild animals, and other peoples, made the pastoral nomad tribe practically an army always in the field, and so produced a close-knit and well-disciplined organization. In strong contrast to the conditions of the collecting and hunting modes of life, in which bodily vigour was the prime factor in success and the weak and aged were therefore of little value to the community, the closer organization of the pastoral life gave great value to experience, to knowledge of the best routes and feeding grounds and of the best methods of tending and defending the herds. Hence authority was concentrated in the hands of the older men and the patriarchal form of government was developed and became dominant. So long as the climatic conditions remained suited to the existence of the grasslands, and animals were the sole important means of transport, this form of social organization was stable. Under these conditions it is the solution of the problem of how to obtain a living.

But a large proportion of the land surface is not grassland, and on it the pastoral nomadic life is impossible. In the equatorial forests nature has, up to the present, been too strong for man. The dense undergrowth prevents free movement, and the growth of the vegetation is too vigorous and continuous to leave him any opening. Outside this region, however, the forests are less dense and plant growth is less continuous. Where there is a distinct seasonal check

to vegetation man has been able to intervene. During a dry season he can make a clearing in the forest by burning away undergrowth and felling trees, and so agriculture becomes possible. Perhaps the most primitive agriculture is that still practised by some negro tribes, who limit their work to making a partial clearing, in which they spare the fruit trees, sticking slips of useful plants into the ashes, and afterwards weeding their plantation occasionally. Such primitive agriculture is an advance on pure collecting; but it is only another form of robber economy, for it rapidly exhausts the soil and new plantations are necessary at short intervals. If soil is to yield crops and still retain its fertility it must be cultivated and manured.

Whether the agriculturist was developed from the hunter or the pastoral nomad, or from both, is uncertain. In both cases the shifting from place to place necessitated by the nature of the food supply was a hindrance to the cultivation of the soil; but many hunting peoples supplemented their resources by a little primitive agriculture. The three chief areas of the Old World in which agriculture has been developed are, however, regions at the edge of which forest and grassland, hunter and herdsman, met and where there is a marked seasonal rhythm in the climate.

In the Monsoon Lands of South-eastern Asia the heavy rains of the hot summer cause a vigorous plant growth, and the annual flooding of the rivers spreads a film of fertilizing silt over their extensive flood plains and deltas. In the cooler season vegetation is checked by drought; though over large areas the temperature is high enough for plant growth throughout the year, and hence irrigation is important where it is practicable. In these lands the chief food plant is rice. This needs very large supplies of water during its growing period, and so can only be grown on land which is naturally, or can be artificially, flooded. It also demands a large amount of labour. On the other hand it is a plant of very rapid growth and is very prolific, so that it can feed a dense population. The growth of population on the rice lands has produced a great development of irrigation and a laborious system of intensive cultivation. In some parts of the Monsoon lowlands the density of population in a purely agricultural region exceeds a thousand per square mile; and it may reach twice that number.

The climate of the Mediterranean region differs from that of the Monsoon region mainly in that its rain comes in the cooler season and its summer is a period of drought. In the

northern parts this means that vegetation may be checked twice a year, by summer drought and winter cold; but over most of the area plant growth is checked only in the summer. Hence irrigation is very profitable where it can be employed. The characteristic cultivated plants of this region are wheat, vines and fruit trees. Many of the differences between Western and Eastern civilizations are related to the very different methods of cultivation demanded by wheat and rice. It is also noteworthy that the peoples of the Monsoon Lands are crowded together in dense masses on fertile river plains which are separated by wide areas of mountainous country; while the fertile parts of the Mediterranean Lands are small plains clustered round the edges of an inland sea which facilitates intercommunication. Thus the Mediterranean nations were much smaller and had more varied intercourse and a far greater variety of types than those of the Far East.

The third of the great agricultural regions is the moister portion of the cool temperate zone. Here the seasonal check to plant growth is due to the cold of the winter, not to drought. The chief area of this character is Western and Central Europe north of the Alps. The natural vegetation is a deciduous forest, and agriculture was developed mainly in clearings in the forest. Thus the social unit was the family or small group of families in each clearing, isolated from the rest of the world. Hence the social life was essentially different from that of the larger and denser communities of the other regions, and here the individualistic type of society was developed. For various reasons, some of which can only be guessed at, the development of agriculture came much later here than in the warmer lands; and as North-west Europe borders on the Mediterranean Lands its nascent civilization was very strongly influenced by that of the latter region. Both of these regions are penetrated by many arms of the sea, and Europe also by many navigable rivers. These facts gave a maritime character to the civilizations and greatly facilitated the intercourse between them.

The great superiority of the agricultural stage of man's development over its predecessors, the collecting, hunting, and pastoral nomadic modes of life, lies in its power to produce from the same area a much greater quantity of food with much greater regularity. This is perhaps best illustrated by a comparison of the possible densities of population at each stage. No people entirely dependent on mere collection have been known; but it was supplemented only to a slight degree by hunting among the Tasmanians and the Yahgans, and some

other peoples. Among these the maximum density in a fertile land seems to have been about one person to ten square miles. It has been estimated that the maximum density of population on the fertile hunting grounds of Eastern North America before the coming of the White Man was about one per square mile; but these Amerinds had a little primitive agriculture and most hunting peoples were much more widely scattered. Probably the number of people on the grassland was little, if at all, greater than one per square mile; but their distribution differed markedly from that of the hunters. The latter were scattered far and wide over their territory in small tribes, or clans which rarely numbered as many as a hundred men, each with a more or less well-defined range; while the former wandered over the steppes in a few large hordes, each of which might count its men by thousands or tens of thousands. Hence the pastoral nomads were by far the more dangerous neighbours to the settled peoples. The history of the Old World civilizations, with its constantly recurring tale of invasion and conquest of the fertile marginal lands round the great steppes, from China to Hungary, shows how formidable was the military power of the social organization of the grassland. Tribes of hunters could irritate, but never conquered, their agricultural neighbours. It was not until the prairie Amerinds had possessed horses for two or three generations that they could bring together any large bodies of men to oppose the advance of the Whites. The density of an agricultural population is usually between a hundred and a thousand per square mile. Thus the settled peoples have usually had a hundred or more times the manpower of the nomadic nations on equivalent areas. These peoples also fill their lands, leaving no vacant fertile spaces into which immigrants can intrude, as the White Men at first intruded between the hunting tribes of North America. Hence an agricultural population can hardly be displaced. China has several times been conquered by waves of invaders, but it is still Chinese, and the invaders have vanished in the mass of the population. An agricultural civilization based on food plants suited to the climate of its lands is the most stable form of society man has yet produced.

A settled and fairly dense population early gives rise to the method of work which we know as the 'Division of Labour.' This is, in fact, one of the marks of civilized, as distinguished from barbaric or savage, life. Within the last century this division of labour has suddenly extended to nations, mainly through the utilization of the energy of coal by means of steam engines and the resulting enormous increase in the

power of manufacturing and transporting goods on a wholesale scale, so that now some nations are mainly industrial and others mainly agricultural. In its present extreme development this is probably a very temporary state of affairs; and a nation which is dependent on others for any large proportion of its food supply is basing its prosperity on a very uncertain foundation.

The most prominent and characteristic feature of the rapid exploitation of the earth's resources by our modern industrial civilization is its utter wastefulness and recklessness of the future. Whalebone and blubber were wanted—and the Greenland whale is now practically extinct, and other whales have become rare. Large parts of the virgin lands of America were broken by the plough, cultivated (?) without manure till the soil was exhausted, and then abandoned; and the settler moved on to fresh fields to repeat the process and again to leave barrenness where he found fertility. This destruction of the surface cover of vegetation, and later neglect of the fields, has on many Appalachian slopes enabled the rain and streams to remove the rock-waste, thus converting fertile hillsides to bare stony slopes and strewing gravel over the flood plains below to such an extent that many of them are also ruined for cultivation. The destruction of forests in the Alps and some of the Mediterranean Lands has produced similar results.

Intoxicated by the enormous power placed in their hands by the achievements of modern science, and the vastness of the world's resources which were thus made accessible to them, the peoples of the last century acted as though they imagined the natural wealth of the earth to be inexhaustible. The results of that attitude have already shown that it was based on a radically false assumption. And, as the men who domesticated the horse found that their greater power required them to become protectors of the herds on which they depended, rather than destroyers, the civilized nations must soon realize that they too must protect and conserve the natural resources on which they are dependent for all the physical needs of life. It is high time for us to take stock of the earth and replace the wholesale robber economy of the present system of exploitation by a real economy, under which the world may grow richer by careful husbandry and become more, not less, able to support in comfort the coming generations. In the phrase of the President of the Geographical Section of the British Association* (Prof. H. N. Dickson)

* At Birmingham, 1913.

it is time we began "country-planning." But the earth is one; and no one country can supply all the needs of civilized life as we know it; therefore our stock-taking and planning must aim at including the whole earth. For this the essential first step is a thorough study of the present conditions of the earth's surface in its relations to man.

C. B. FAWCETT.

"YES, JOHN."

* * *

John goes in
search of a wife.

"To-day, to-day," said John to Sue,
I'll go and find a maid to woo."
"Good luck! good luck!" she did reply.
But when he'd gone she heaved a sigh.

His first
adventure.

"My pretty maid, with eyes so blue,
O, may I walk and talk with you?"
"O no! O no!" she answered quick,
"I've promised to go out with Dick."

His second
adventure.

"My pretty maid, with cheeks so red,
Will you me wed? will you me wed?"
"O no! O no!" she answered him,
"I'll marry none but only Jim."

His third
adventure.

"My pretty maid, with golden hair,
Can I move you my life to share?"
"O no!" she cried, "I now am free,
And still would keep my libert-ee."

He returns
home
discouraged.

Then sadly, sadly, turned he back,
"Alas! Alas!" he cried, "alack!
No maiden fair will marry me,
A bachelor I still must be."

But finds
consolation.

But pretty Sue was standing by,
And said—"I'd have another try."
"I will," he cried, "will you be mine?"
"Yes, John!" she answered, "I'll be thine."

MORAL.

So all who wish a maid to woo,
Learn from this tale of John and Sue,
Before to seek one far you roam,
See if there isn't one near home.

MISS DEAN'S DILEMMA.

+ + +

Miss DEAN was, without doubt, an exceptional person. She possessed in a striking degree characteristics which are rarely found together in a woman. She was a student who had gained distinction for original scholarship, and yet she had all the charm which is the untrained gift of her sex. She was learned and beautiful. She had pored over innumerable books, and still her eye was as bright as ever, her step was as buoyant, and her enjoyment of things peculiarly dear to the female heart was as keen as that of the woman who has lived mainly for these. She was an enthusiast alike in life and in literature.

Her qualities being as described, it was not surprising that her attraction should be felt by people of divers natures. At any rate, so it was. Miss Dean was now thirty; and she had dismissed many candidates for her hand. At this time, however, she found herself sought after by two men, who not only were attracted by her, but attracted her, and she found herself in the position that she could hardly decide on a preference between them. She favoured two in a matter where, for her choice to be effective, it must rest on one.

Martin Dale was the younger of the two. His career had provided a striking change. The son of a reputedly wealthy father, he had at Oxford combined the industry of the athlete with the art of slacking in more important matters, and had gone down degenerate. His father, to the surprise of most people, and the "I told you so" of some, died insolvent, and Martin was thrown, with no training of apparent value, on a world strewn with the wrecks of incompetents. But now Martin showed his mettle. He had missed learning many things that he ought to have learned, but this also is to be noted—he had never learned to whine. He turned instantly to what he had always liked least, business, and, to the wonder of those who had thought they knew him, succeeded, with equal ardour and capacity, in establishing, on exiguous beginnings, a concern which emulated the baytree in its prospering. Still, Martin had developed rather than changed. He retained the essential characteristics of earlier days. There was much of the sportsman in his views of life, and he could find in common experiences the delight of unsophistication. In short, Martin was one of those whom experience does not rob the spirit of youth, and in whom the challenges of life do but stir up renewed vitality. As a lover of Miss Dean, he seemed in some sort out of character, for amongst men

Martin had least sympathy with the scholar, and of learned women he had been wont to express his abhorrence. But then Miss Dean was fair to look upon, and had not developed ways at variance with her beauty. She had breathed the close atmosphere of the study without losing freshness; and it appeared that no small part of her charm for Dale lay in the fact that his views about women in general were here contradicted by a woman in particular.

"Morley"—this to his nearest friend—"She, or none, is the woman I must marry. Somehow, the sort of woman I *ought* to want to marry, according to my general ideas, I *don't* want to marry, though I *believe* in her intensely. But here is one who does on a big scale what I say women shouldn't do at all, and yet I'm madly in love with her. How do you account for it? You profess to know all about these things."

"I think it's simply something you've got to learn."

"Well, I'm a willing learner in this case."

Professor Barton was a good representative of that academic type, for which life is three parts learning and one part flow of soul. He was regarded as the greatest of the younger historians, and wore his weight of knowledge with simple dignity. Conservative in most matters, he had liberal views with regard to woman's education; indeed, he displayed in this matter an enthusiasm which was in notable contrast with his general calm. History was the subject in which Miss Dean worked, and therein, no doubt, lay the first cause of the Professor's inclination to her. His class had been somewhat impressed by a reference to her in a lecture on a subject which had provided the first published fruits of her studies. The compliment was merited, but it was specially noteworthy in that the Professor rarely alluded to other workers in his utterances.

"Miss Dean," he declared, "in her work on this question, shows an insight into the matter which has been denied to those who have previously dealt with it. The results of her future researches will be awaited with the keenest interest by historical students."

Afterwards his attention to Miss Dean became something more than academic. Their common pursuits necessarily involved contact and communication, but Miss Dean began to recognise that the Professor made occasions, and his meaning gradually became clear.

So Miss Dean was in a dilemma. She liked both Dale and the Professor, and felt that her love might go to either of them, but for the other. Love may be clear when it is centred on the one object, but there is often a time when its advent, though seeming possible, is uncertain, and in regard to persons and circumstances the problem sometimes takes the form of a dilemma. Miss Dean was not one whose affections were likely to go out to a man except in reciprocation or where the return came even as her own love went forth, and she was quick, as a rule, to understand a situation, and to decide upon it. But the question here was of a kind new to her; it was a study in conflicting emotions. She favoured now the one man, now the other, the alternation being generally in the manner of reaction.

Towards the Professor she had the devotion of a worker for a master in her art, and she was made proud by the knowledge that she had a special place in his affections. What woman might not feel honoured by the preference of such a man? Yes, there could be no doubt that life would be a great thing for her if passed by his side. But life? well, it had other aspects than that which was associated with the Professor; and these always called up the thought of Dale. In all those respects wherein the Professor was lacking, which yet appealed to Miss Dean, Dale abounded. He was buoyant, blithe and practical, with an overmastering presence, conquering with the force of personality, whereas the Professor impressed only where culture told. Both types attracted Miss Dean; she herself partook of both, and perhaps her ideal man would have been one in whom the two were blended.

So Miss Dean pondered much and often. She saw that a crisis in her history was approaching, and she felt, even as she pondered, that she was trying to solve by meditation a problem that would be settled ultimately by an emotion which she had not yet experienced. She wondered what would happen to her relations with the other if it came about that one asked the question she expected and she gave him the answer he desired. She had had happy intercourse with each of them; the decision must inevitably work a great change in the proportions of her experience. Which element was the more needful for her life's perfection, that for which Dale, or that for which the Professor stood? The question fascinated while it baffled her.

She was still in the region of undecision when, one afternoon she met the Professor on his "grind." They were

walking in the same direction, and it was obvious that he, at any rate, welcomed the opportunity thus afforded.

"Ah! Miss Dean, I've often wished to meet you alone, apart from our common engagements."

Miss Dean said nothing, but her mind was active.

"We have in some degree, Miss Dean," he went on, "been workers in common."

"I've been a very humble helper, I'm afraid," was her reply.

"And I've been thinking," the Professor resumed, "that it would be a good thing if the connexion were made closer."

"I shall be proud," said Miss Dean, "if my part in the work becomes more important."

"Well," the Professor hesitated somewhat, "I'm not altogether referring to—but I must speak more clearly. I've been thinking of the closest of connexions. The income of my chair, as you know, has been considerably increased lately, and I feel that I should now be justified in settling down. And some time ago I decided that when the time came there was one with whom I would like to share my life. Miss Dean, you have gifts of which I am not worthy, but I believe our ideals are much the same, and I feel that my life would not be complete without you. Will you be my wife?"

Miss Dean listened with mingled elation and perplexity. To be so distinguished by one who was so distinguished! Was it for her to reject the proposal? She had never felt so near to a decision as now. Still she hesitated to commit herself. She would like more time for cogitation.

"Miss Dean, I'm waiting for an answer."

"Professor," she replied, "there's no one for whom I have a higher respect, and your proposal honours me amongst women; but—I'm not quite sure of my feelings in the matter. If you don't mind I'd prefer to think it over."

"By all means. Possibly I've startled you somewhat. But you'll let me know as soon as possible, won't you?"

She agreed; and they talked of other matters for the rest of their common way.

Miss Dean certainly carried out her proposal to 'think it over.' Indeed, the question seemed to colour all her thought. At first she was inclined to yield to the Professor's offer. Was there not a great affinity between them? Would it not be a marriage of minds bent on the same search for truth? She contented herself for a time with affirmative answers to

these questions. Then came a reaction, and the ideal represented by community of pursuit put on the appearance of one-sidedness. There came to the fore in her that to which the Professor made no appeal—the sense of needs and affections which he could not satisfy. The scholar sank, and the woman held sway. Instantly her mind turned to Dale, and life seemed fuller at the thought. She felt happy, where just now she felt but proud. She began to think that at last she was coming to know the direction of her heart, to find herself out, as it were. The Professor and his claims faded, and Dale and all he stood for loomed larger and larger before her.

It was thus, when, as she sat in her room at home, she heard a ring at the door, and it seemed to be quite according to the fitness of things that the announcement should follow—"Mr. Dale would like to see you."

He came in, and the usual greetings passed.

"I must apologise for intruding, Miss Dean," he said.

"I'm very glad to see you," she replied.

"The fact is, Miss Dean, I've come to take leave."

She found herself unable to utter anything but a simple "Oh!"

"I'm going to live at Blackmoor," he said. This was about thirty miles away.

"We shall be very sorry to lose you at Croston," she remarked, controlling, as far as might be, a rising agitation.

"I suppose we all like to be missed," he replied. "I felt that I could not leave the place without coming to say 'good-bye' to you."

Miss Dean was not usually at a loss for words, but she experienced a strange inability at this moment. Leaving Croston—good-bye!—and what had she been thinking not long ago?

"I wish you all happiness wherever you go," she said.

They went on to discuss more general topics, and Dale appeared to gather spirit as they talked; but no further reference was made to his departure from Croston, except in the final words of leave-taking, and then he gave no explanation.

After his going Miss Dean, in her perplexity, reviewed all her relations with Dale. Had she misunderstood the nature of his attentions? She could hardly believe so; and yet she found it difficult to regard him as one who would change

quickly in such a matter. But the reason and the manner of his departure? Of the first she could only speculate—she had no knowledge; the latter she knew so far as it was exhibited to herself. One thing at any rate seemed clear. Dale had now practically passed out of her life. There remained—the Professor. Rapidly came the revulsion in his favour. Once more she enthroned him. His choice of her made her great. He was the chief of men; life with him would be life indeed. And her devotion to him was no longer modified by any sense of a rival appeal.

She took up a pen and wrote a note:

"Dear Professor, I have considered the question carefully, and, in accordance with our understanding, write to you at the earliest possible moment. I will be your wife."

* * * *

Morley and Dale were in conversation at their club.

"Of all the men I know, Dale, you are the most singular and strange."

"What else could I do?"

"Could you do? What do you generally do? In ordinary affairs there's no holding you back, and here you withdraw from the contest."

"But all things are not alike."

"How philosophic?"

"I'm no philosopher—but you see it was the Professor."

"The Professor? What's he got to do with it?"

"Well, I found out that he was set upon her, and I saw that he was the right man. He was bound to win. Common aims—ideals—and so forth."

"But do you think love matters are settled on those lines?"

"Well, it seemed to me that the Professor was the right man and I was not, and so —"

"You withdrew."

"Yes."

"But wouldn't it have been as well to test her feelings in the matter?"

"Oh! but she's sure to have the Professor."

"How on earth do you know?"

At this point Gregson, who had just entered the club, cut into their conversation with a query—

“ Heard the news ? ”

“ What is it ? ” asked Morley.

“ Miss Dean's engaged to Professor Barton,” Gregson replied, moving from them as he spoke.

“ I told you so,” cried Dale to Morley.

“ But it strikes me,” was the rejoinder, “ that you have helped it on.”

A LOVE SONG.

• • •

There is a banner in her face,
It gleams in red and white.
It flutters gaily when she smiles,
And under it I fight.
At her sweet call I rouse me up,
And all my armour don,
And none can stay me from the fray
Whenas she leads me on.

There is a chamber in her heart
Where I secure abide ;
The world can nothing know of this,
Though it know all beside.
So though that in the fight I fall,
I fall not in despair,
For that dear shrine will still be mine,
Yea, I'll reign kinglier there.

"WHO KNOWS?"

* * *

ONE of those who were present at the recent Sci.-Soc. Tea, and at that feast partook, as he himself said, "Well, but not too wisely," was reposing peacefully in his bed, when he became conscious that he was no longer alone. All around crowded shadowy figures, which little by little became more distinct, until at last he was able to distinguish their features and to perceive that they were talking together. It seemed to him that their voices came to him faintly as if from a great distance; and as he lay there he found himself straining his ears to catch the conversation.

The first to speak was a tall figure, which seemed to tower far above the others. He seemed to be telling his adventures. "Far back in the dim, dark ages," he was saying, "I was a cave-dweller, and the dangers against which our race then struggled were so numerous, that you latter-day, namby-pamby products can have no idea of their extent—but, doubtless, you are bored with this story, so I will cease."

At that the other shadows urged him to continue; and on all sides our friend heard cries of, "Go on, please, go on!" Accordingly the first speaker began again, "As you all seem so interested in my description of these dangers, I will just indicate one or two. My revered father was drowned while experimenting with a means of conveyance which later was known as a coracle. Most unfortunately he was not aware that a wicker basket lets in water—hence his lamented death. My mother's sister's daughter's cousin was swallowed by a monster which came upon him while he was practising club-drill—on a rival warrior. My great-grandfather's ——" "Excuse me," interrupted a second voice, "But as we have not much time, someone else ought to have a turn. Supposing my neighbour on the right tells us his tale."

"Willingly," said he, "But mine is short. You must know then that I was William the Conqueror, and when I invaded England I formed a limited liability company. After that I thought the best thing I could do was to die—so I died."

"May I speak?" asked a figure standing at the foot of the bed, and, having received the consent of the company, he told his adventures. "Only a week ago I was boosting along on my bicycle, when much to my regret I collided with an object, which I discovered too late was a book called 'Thring,' left in the roadway by some disgusted individual. Need I say that I lost my balance, fell, and in falling struck my head

against the edge of the book. I was carried at once to the Royal South Hants and Southampton Hospital, and there pronounced a hopeless case"—here his voice became broken with sobs—"I expired in torment two hours later."

At this moment there was a stir amongst the crowd around the bed; the figures parted to make way for one who held a long list in his hands. Mounting on a chair, he faced the shadows, and in a voice rather louder than those heard before, called, "Answer your names, now, please!" He was greeted by a question from the rear "Has the bell gone yet?" But this interrupter was promptly squashed by his fellows, and the list was called without further trouble, each one answering his name by saying; "Present!" and not "Here!"

When the end was reached, the last name called, and the last answer received, the leader, with a polite "Thank you," got down from the chair, and stood beside a small table. Facing the crowd, "Before we go any further," said he, "Have you any difficulties to-day?" "That is a potty question," came the voice of the former riotous member, "Of course we've got difficulties; tons of 'em!"

Promptly there was a rush and a scrimmage, the rebel was seized by all too-willing hands, and with shouts of, "That chap goes there," flung into a huge churn which was revolved so rapidly that it finally collapsed, and its occupant was shot right out of the room, right away into space. Simultaneously a great clanging was heard, and with one accord the phantoms turned and vanished, whispering frantically to each other, "Come on, kiddie, do; the bell's gone and we shall be late!" With the disappearance of his ghostly visitors, our friend of Sci.-Soc. Tea fame awoke to find the slavey was ringing the bell outside his door, and moaning pathetically, "Its 9.15! Its 9.15!"

V. M. A.

TRIBUTES,

1.

CHAUCER.

* * *

Geoffrey! thy book, it doth my heart delight,
 For I was born and live a child of May—
 The flowers up-springing, birds upon the spray,
 Singing 'ageyn' the sun so fiery bright,
 Thy Emily—none fairer to the sight—
 A garland weaving in her morning's play,
 Proud Chanticleer and Pertelot-es lay,
 With which in glad accord they greet the light

—These move my soul to joy and tenderness,
 Smoothing it down of all its daily fret.
 The present burden groweth less and less,
 As thy sweet pictures in the mind are set.
 Reading thy book, thyself I inly bless,
 And all the traffic of the time forget.

2

CHARLOTTE BRONTE.

* * *

Woman, with heart to feel and mind to know
 The life and thought of home and neighbourhood,
 The pain of loneliness, and all the good
 Of friendliness that heart to heart doth show,
 The fears and tremblings and the feverish glow
 Of love that wonders if 'tis understood,
 The ebb and flow of passion's moving flood,
 As though that life itself should come and go

—Oft have I lived, thy page before me set,
 The life to which thou openest the door,
 With Jane and Rochester have lingered yet,
 Till they through many waters come to shore,
 With Paul and Lucy communed in Vilette,
 Or walked with Shirley on a Yorkshire moor.

SAYINGS APROPOS.

† † †

Quotations from profane Authors, cold Allusions
False Pathetic, Antitheses, and Hyperboles.

De la Bruyère.

His classical reading is great; he can quote
Horace, Juvenal, Ovid and Martial by rote.
He has read Metaphysics *** Spinoza and Kant;
And Theology too; I have heard him descant.

Owen Meredith—"Lucile."

"Si quid dictum est per jocum,
Non æquum est id serio provortier."

Plautus.

If anything is spoken in jest, it is not fair to take it in earnest

GENERAL.

"Together they . . . finally sat down for the winter at
Southampton."

Prof. Hearnshaw—"England in the making."

THE STAFF.

"Histories make men wise; poets, witty; the mathematics,
subtile; natural philosophy, deep; morals, grave; logic and
rhetoric, able to contend."

Bacon, Essay—"Of Studies."

ADVICE RE NEXT SCHOOL PRAC.

"Good words are better than bad strokes"

"Julius Cæsar."

To numerous seniors who are tonsorially minded.

"Thy chin the springing beard began
To spread a doubtful down and promise man."

Prior—"An Ode."

and

"He that hath a beard is more than a youth;
And he that hath no beard is less than a man."

"Much Ado."

THE JUNIORS AND CRITS.

"And you, my critics! in the chequer'd shade
Admire new light thro' holes yourselves have made."

Pope—"Dunciad."

MR. FALCON FULMINATING OVER THE JUNIORS.

War, War is still the cry, "War to the knife."

Byron—"Childe Harold."

MR. PRICE.

"He speaks plain cannon—fire and smoke, and bounce."

"K. John."

MR. REES.

"The greatest note of it is his melancholy."

"Much Ado."

MISS TIDMAN.

"She speaks poignards and every word stabs."

"Much Ado."

MR. NORMAN.

"I went into the temple there to hear,
The teachers of our law, and to propose
What might improve my knowledge or their own."

Milton—"Paradise Lost." B.h.I.

MISS SEATON.

"Munditiis capimur : non sine lege capilli."

Ovid.

"We are charmed by the neatness of person ; let not thy
hair be out of order."

MR. C . . . K.

"O that those lips had language."

Cowper—"Mother's Picture."

MR. LEWIS.

Laugh not too much ; the wittie man laughs least.
For wit is newes only to ignorance
Lesse at thine own things laugh ; lest in the jest
Thy person shame, and the conceit advance.

Herbert—"The Temple."

MR. LUDFORD.

"So, naturalists observe, a flea
Has smaller fleas that on him prey ;
And these have smaller still to bite 'em.
And so proceed ad infinitum."

Swift—"A Rhapsody."

CAPE.

"Eureka ! I have found it."

Byron—"Don Juan."

MR. SPARKS.

"He had a head to contrive, a tongue to persuad
and a hand to execute any mischief."

MR. BRUCE.

"Wit, now and then, struck smartly shows a spark."

Cowper—"Table Talk."

MR. SENATOR WILLIAMS.

"Nothing is more simple, than greatness, indeed to be
simple is to be great."

MR. GIBBS AND MR. THORPE.

"Whence is thy learning ? Hath thy toil
On books consumed the midnight oil. ?"

"Night after night,
He sat, and bleared his eyes with books."

Longfellow—"The Golden Legend."

MR. TICKLE.

"God hath blessed you with a good name, but to be a well-favoured man is the gift of fortune."

"Much Ado."

MR. CLEARY.

"You are a worthy judge;
You know the law; your exposition
Hath been most sound."

"Merchant of Venice."

N.B.—The Sub. Ed. apologises to the women who may be militantly inclined, but as he has made the acquaintance of so few, he has been unable to find traits in them which would suit quotations.



SAINT MARIEN. ❧

* * *

"Much have I heard of saints with crowns of gold,
 And many goodly legends have I seen
 Of men who, like St. Jerome, struggled keen
 And hard, with fencers armed, against the hold
 Of fearsome fiends; and also I've been told
 Of others too, and those of humbler mien,
 Who lived a life retired, calm and serene,
 Far from the world. And now you have made bold
 In this your title now before my eyes
 To add another name beyond my ken.
 'What may it mean?' th' impatient reader cries
 'I've never heard the fellow mentioned.' Then
 'Expound! Expound. Who is Saint Marien?'"

GENTLE reader, I know almost as little about Saint Marien, his life and works, as you do, but as I have the advantage of being just on nodding terms with him, I may venture to satisfy your curiosity. If you are bored, remember that you brought it upon yourself by asking the question.

The fashion of our introduction to each other was thus:—It was a hot day in the middle of August—and it can be hot in August there—in the district of Bérry, right in the centre of France. In spite of the heat, however, from very early in the morning streams of country people, either on foot or in carts, waggons, anything on wheels that could be hired for love or money, passed through the town, all bound for the same goal. It was evidently some kind of fête, for all the women were displaying their most elaborate white lace caps and shawls, and the men their best smocks and large black Bérrichon hats, which only appear on special occasions. One thing was remarkable about this procession, and that was the number of children who were going or being taken along the same way; children of all sizes, ages, and dispositions; some who seemed to consider the whole business as a huge joke, and others who were of the contrary opinion, and who expressed their disapproval pretty forcibly.

Being on the look-out for amusement, I followed the crowd along five miles of dusty road until we arrived at what appeared to be a gipsy encampment, but which turned out afterwards to be nothing so romantic—merely a small village of perhaps a hundred inhabitants, planted all by itself in the middle of a great vine-covered stretch of flat land. To-day,

however, it was all alive with noise and excitement. Whole families were encamped by the sides of the carts in the middle of the main street, and the market place was wholly occupied with stalls on which toys, cakes, and suspicious-looking sweets were sold. Here was a tent which served as a café, whose proprietor had been enterprising enough to provide an orchestra in the shape of an old and very hoarse gramophone. Another attraction was what the vendor called "La tranquillité des parents," in the shape of a toy duck which wagged its head in an insane manner when shaken.

The desired goal of this pilgrimage appeared to be the church, which I reached after some difficulty in threading a way between and through the crowds of babies and their devoted parents. Outside the porch there was a regular infirmary established, in the shape of about thirty beggars, all more or less mutilated, some armless, some legless, and all toothless, who had taken up their abode all along the path, displaying their infirmities and whining for a sou for the love of the Saints.

The scene inside the church was somewhat unusual, for it was literally crammed with babies of all sorts and their parents, and the noise was as the sound of many waters, only not so musical. Three typical French curés directed the ceremonies and tried to make themselves heard above the noise of protesting infants. Each mother took her babe to the priest, paid four sous and had a prayer said over it, after which it was made to kiss the end of the priest's stole. Then it was taken to the images of the various saints and held up to kiss them. It was curious to see how the babies behaved during this ceremony; some of them gurgled with joy and seized the saints round the neck most affectionately, patted them and pulled at their robes. The elder ones simply gazed with wide-open eyes of awe and seemed afraid to go near. Others simply howled aloud.

When this was over the babies were taken to the other end of the church, and there the most solemn ceremony of the day took place. In a niche below the statue of Saint Marien was a well, in which each mother, sister, or aunt dipped some part of the babe's clothing, which was then held up for the Saint to bless; and then the babe was taken out of the church and regaled on bonbons and gingerbread to its heart's content.

Being somewhat in the dark as to what it all meant I enquired of a peasant, who explained it all in a patois of which I understood nothing. I learnt afterwards that

St. Marien is the guardian angel of crying babes, and that the water of St. Marien's Well has the miraculous power of permanently curing any child from crying, according to the peasants of Bérry.

It is on record that one year when the floods were out all over the country a devoted believer in St. Marien walked twelve miles carrying her small grandchild, and actually waded for two miles knee-deep in water in order to receive the blessing of the good Saint Marien and dip its frock in the miracle-working well.

M.

NATURE'S CURIOS. ❧

• • •

THAT which is really curious and out of the common has a sort of fascination for all of us. Now the realm of Nature is full of curios, and these are expounded in text-books. But the average biological text-book is about as interesting to the novice as a Greek Grammar, and is just about as understandable. Naturalists seem to delight in fine high-sounding words, and consequently the unwary student is lost in a maze of oospores and zoophytes, gymnosperms and gynæcia and similar verbal concoctions. It is intended here to tear aside, as it were, the curtain of Greek and Latin terminology, and take a peep at some of Nature's Curios.

No part of the realm of Nature is so curious and so wonderful as an ordinary pond. In a fair sized pool of stagnant water, there may be many more living things than there are people on the whole of this earth, and then the plants and animals living therein are really wonderful.

From the surface of the pond, green strands of vegetation hang down in festoons. Many of the plants move about. *Chlamydomonas*, a little green ovular one, swims by means of two long hair-like lashes; then there is *Volvox*, which revolves through the water propelled by a number of short whip-like processes. This organism is one that is much discussed. Zoologists claim it as an animal, but botanists declare it is a plant. The same is the trouble with *Euglena*, a green slug-shaped organism, which moves about in the water by wriggling, and by the lashing of a sort of whip. Mention might also be made of the Diatoms—those plants

which cruise about amongst the mud. Many of them are boat-shaped in form, and they all have a flinty skeleton, which is often very beautifully fashioned. Altogether these plant skeletons afford a wonderful variety of designs.

Chief interest, however, centres around a jelly-like object which moves about amongst the mud at the bottom of the pond. This is the much spoken of Amoeba, one of the simplest of living things. It is a mere speck of that substance "protoplasm," which Huxley called "the physical basis of life." Amoeba moves by a characteristic flowing process. It eats by flowing around its food, that is to say, it gets outside a meal. Huxley very aptly summed it up as an animal that "walks without legs, eats without a mouth, and digests without a stomach." It might also be added that it reacts to its surroundings without nerves, contracts without muscles, and breathes without lungs or gills. Thus we see that a mere speck of protoplasm is able to manifest all the characteristic functions of life.

Another peculiar pond creature is the water-flea *Daphnia*—a species of fresh-water shrimp. Its body is enclosed in a transparent shell, so it is possible to see its internal organs at work. It is a fascinating sight to watch this wonderful living machinery at work, to see the heart vigorously beating, to watch the blood flowing through its system, and to see all the processes of digestion carried out. As *Daphnia* has gill-like attachments to its feet, it can be truly said to breathe through its toes; and, in a sense, it kicks food into its mouth with its nose, for the feet aid in procuring food in this manner.

Among the fish of the sea are some very peculiar creatures. We have, for instance, the Angler, a fish that fishes. It consists of two-thirds head and mouth, and is of the nature of a flat-bottomed barge rather than of a fish. In structure it has several long rod-like bones, which stand up on the upper surface of its head. To one of these is attached naturally a strip of skin-like substance, which hangs like a fishing-rod over its huge cavernous mouth. In fact it serves the same purpose, for small fish attracted by it are immediately snapped up by the Angler's powerful jaws.

The Archer Fish is interesting because it is probably the only other creature besides man which catches its prey by shooting. This fish frequents the sides of streams, looking out for nice fat juicy flies, in the grass above. When prey is sighted the fish shoots a jet of liquid from its mouth with such force and precision as to knock the unfortunate fly down into the water, whereupon it is immediately swallowed.

On land, many curiosities are met with among the fungi. There is the bracket-shaped beef-steak fungus which grows upon the oak. When this is cut it bears a striking resemblance to a beef-steak, and it can be cooked and eaten in a similar manner. Indeed many epicures have much praised it as an article of food. Then there is the bird's nest fungus, which exactly resembles a small bird's nest, the eggs being the fructification of the plant.

Of those animals who are disguised for their protection, there are many of great interest. The stick insects and stick caterpillars are perhaps the best known. Such is their resemblance to a dried-up twig, that even the keenest observers are deceived.

Thus far but a few of Nature's numerous curios have been mentioned. Their number is indeed countless, and descriptions are at all times poor compared with the real things, which to be realised must be sought out, in the open country, on the hillside, or by the sea. Longfellow very finely expressed the attitude of Dame Nature towards the naturalist when he wrote:—

"Whenever the way seems long,
Or his heart begins to fail;
She will sing a more wonderful song,
Or tell a more marvellous tale."

R. J. LUDFORD.



TO THE CROWD ON THE TOUCH-LINE.

† † †

Shout ! shout for the joy of the contest,
 For the men and the game they play ;
 Shout for the old Coll's honour !
 Shout ! we must win to-day !
 Shout while the will within you
 Can force one murmur out—
 One gasp from the tortur'd larynx.
 Shout till it split !—but shout ! !

Shout like ten thousand furies,
 And ever the roar repeat !
 Shout till the earth make answer,
 And tremble 'neath your feet !
 Shout like an army thirsting
 To put the foe to rout ;
 Fling up to the skies your challenge,
 For the love of Hartley—shout ! !

Shout ! for a subtle magic
 Lies in your frenzied yell,
 To breathe new life, through the rushing strife,
 Into those whose praise ye swell.
 Cheer ! for that hoarse music
 Makes tired hearts grow stout ;
 Sends vigour new hot-pulsing through
 O'er-wearied limbs—so—shout ! !

Shout ! though 'tis all ye may do,
 Though others in the game
 Strive mightily, winning honour,
 Ye share their hard-won fame.
 Your hearts are in their struggle,
 Ring the old war-cry out !
 They also serve the College
 Who only stand and shout.

M. A.

DIGS AND THE STUDENT.

* * *

To a travel-stained student who has wandered whither he listeth, there comes an indefinable contentment and a territorial independence when, weary and footsore, he is able to kick off his boots, don slippers, light his pipe, and draw an easy chair to the "Dig-fire." He is, for the nonce, monarch of all he surveys, and men may come and men may go, kingdoms may rise and fall, if he has money to foot his bill and a fine belief in the possibilities of the morrow, he has advanced far along the illusory road leading to the vale of perfect contentment.

His kingdom may have its limitations, and his raiment may not be of the purple and fine linen order, but an easy chair makes a passably serviceable throne, and, if he has a spice of romance in his composition, a stolid-looking poker has commendable possibilities as a sceptre. The other perquisites accessory to regal dignity he may loftily ignore. His simple habitation speedily assumes the proportions of a large and well-ordered state, and, if all else fail, he is at least convinced of this fact—that to him has been granted the privilege of snatching from this oscillatory state of existence one touch of certainty. And, I can assure you, it would take not a little patience, and more than a little cudgelling to coax him into the contrary. He speedily realises his importance too, for I can promise you there is not much less vexation in the government of a domestic affair than in the control of a state. And, I warrant, there are few of us but must confess to much bewilderment, a painful knowledge of our incompetence, and heavy smothered imprecations, when we are held responsible for the good conduct of our own particular domestic arrangements.

But though these eruptions are unbecomingly frequent in the affairs of the student, there is little cause to bewail his indifference to questions of domestic felicity, and still less to scandalise his attitude. He may not possess the wisdom of Socrates, or the comity of a saint; yet he is certainly better than some would represent. And, if we inveigh against his shortcomings, it is but a piece of fine magnanimity to applaud his good points.

Landladies do not seem to realise this. Not, perhaps, because of any lack of generous feeling, but because they are too generously concerned in expounding their own particular

virtues. This attitude becomes all the more embarrassing to the student when the course of time shows ruthlessly the degree of his own gullibility.

In the first flush of possession he is arrogantly indifferent to detail, and feigns a fine-credulity and ingenuousness, which in ordinary circumstances would be distinctly creditable, but in a case where one is valiantly striving to out-do the other in generous sacrifice and willing abnegation, there is sure to be a little self-denunciation on reflection. And, when the fine fervour of the moment has slipped away it is, by established decree, not the student who shows glowing enthusiasm.

It would be interesting, not to speak of the amusement to be obtained, were we but lookers-on and not actors in the drama, to compile a register of the irritable excrescences, which, conveniently dormant during the first few weeks, gradually unfold and awaken into vigorous life during the stay. Time does unfold, we are told, what plaited cunning hides, but, notwithstanding his undeniable consistency, I could wish he were not such a marvellously slow worker.

All things, whether animate or inanimate, soothing or irritatingly distracting, range themselves on the side of the landlady. Whether from a quixotic notion of chivalry or excessive modesty, I cannot say, but certain it is that they preserve a supernatural calm and respectability during the first weeks.

The parrot next door assumes an air of beautified innocence and patriarchal wisdom which would gull many a less credulous person than a student. But it needs only a short time to show this to be but a manoeuvre on her part, a wile of the devil in her, and soon the student is blushing aware that dame parrot is inordinately fond of expletives, and takes a chuckling delight in catchwords.

Even that staid, dignified animal, the landlady's cat, upon which she showers all her endearing terms, and which receives from the student in moments of sentimental fervour not a few solicitations, has a reprehensible habit of forgetting her respectability and serenading the moon from the tiles beneath the bedroom window. She may not have the necessary qualifications to warrant a place as leader of the orchestra, but I warrant she is a valiant member of the chorus. Of course, if you accept your landlady's statements to the letter, the neighbourhood is peculiarly suited to students with an ardent desire to work and an eager eye upon the medals. As though this were a recommendation. But even though it were, and doubtless it is to some, it is somewhat disconcerting

and not a little discouraging to find that if husband and wife next door are not eternally wrangling over some petty domestic affair, they are sure to possess a crazy piano, and a non-musical youngster with ambitions. Then night becomes hideous. Your student forgets all his endeavours to preserve a demeanour of matchless patience. He becomes vicious and intractable, backbiting and peevish, and exhibits such a fine frenzy of impotent wrath that it is not safe to be within speaking distance of his person. It is at such times that the wall-paper seems to be more bilious-looking than usual, and the butter has a somewhat unsavoury method of compelling furtive observation from a distance. I suppose the average student's digestion is commodiously good, but I have known more than one preserve a somewhat awed and petrified respect for some of the dishes served to him. And this is through no squeamish delicacy on his part, nor any inborn obstinacy. A kipper may have its adherents and ardent admirers over the breakfast table, but there are not a few of us would gib when it graces the tea-table, and we are anxious to hurry to a *Soinée*.

But though there is so much hazard in his "Dig Life," your student invariably preserves in some respects a composure which rarely falters. He will always lie a-bed after 8.30 a.m. despite the frantic efforts of his landlady and vague misgivings as to his reception at College.

And though he may not feast with the prodigality of some, what he lacks in this respect is more than compensated for by his hearty relish, and if good-will and honest endeavour count for aught he does not come badly out of the ordeal. But there, landladies could give you a few truths upon this theme. They cater for his appetite, they minister to his humours, taking with equal thanks his smiles and frowns, and throughout all preserve a modest dignity, a gracious and sympathetic understanding of his wants, which alack, is so often misconstrued.





THAT Mr. Mead dexterously welcomed himself to the Sci. Soc. by saying, when seconding a vote thanks, "I take this honour as being a splendid welcome to me."

THAT Mr. R. J. C. Weber was requested to leave "Choral" for making a noise whilst he was complaining of it. He has our sympathy.

THAT Mr. Thomas is a passive resister.

THAT an ill-informed woman student thought Bible-Circles had something to do with geometry.

THAT the attractions of Southampton have proved too strong for Mr. El—g.

THAT a branch of the National Society for the Preservation of Footpaths is to be promoted in the College.

THAT Miss Th—m—s enjoyed the joke about the spikes in the fireguard. What about the poor man who sits on them.

THAT Mr. St—v—ds now comes to Coll. without Ma.

THAT Hitchy Koo now regularly uses mouth wash.

NE PLUS ULTRA. ❧ ❧

To the pickers-up of learning's crumbs in the Hartley
Halls of Learning—greeting; in fact much greeting—
health and knowledge, fame with peace.

* * *

Your pardon for this weird and classic title, which, now that I review it, needs must seem unduly dwelt on, prolixly set forth.

But as *patientia* is a *virtus*, draw a long breath and stick it to the end—the bitter end, old chap, remembering that it is *dulce* and *decorum* to *mori* for the *patria*; and that should you expire in a bold endeavour to follow these inexplicably peripatetic outcomes of juvenile idiosyncrasy you will do so in a worthy cause. But with bated breath draw nigh while to you I unfold a full, true, and sufficient explanation of the paralysing headline.

Of course, it refers to Swanwick. That is as obvious as the fact that students study or that lecturers lecture. And of course you know all about Swanwick? Breathes there a man who knoweth not the *Alpha* and *Omega* of Swanwick? If such there be go scrag him well, and forcibly remind him that the back numbers in the waste-paper basket are claiming his company. Swanwick, my poor unenlightened man, is—but oh! where *have* you been vegetating? Swanwick, as I was remarking when you so rudely interrupted, Swanwick is the annual Mecca of students, the abode of jollity, the home of merriment, the birthplace of hilarity, the seat of wit, the incubator of the laughter *anæba*, the generator of mirth, the grin producer, the unfailing remedy for all stages of the blues, Psychology Fever, Hygienitis, Binomial Plague, P.S. Tremens, and Housemaid's Knee. No! it is not put up in bottles. It is to be taken once per annum after swot. Taken regularly, too. The dose does not vary. Junior or Senior, Artsman or Science, Engineer or Civil Servant, Lecturer or Prof.—all may undergo the same course of treatment. The price is one. The lasting benefits many.

Yes, it refers to Swanwick. You have divined aright. Incidentally, it refers to the 21st Mecca, the 21st jollity abode, merriment home, hilarity birthplace, seat of wit, laughter incubator, mirth generator, grin producer, etc., etc., *ad inf.*

The coming of age, you see, when it reached "years of discretion," surpassed all former achievements. And had you

cared to inspect the reports of the 21 camps you would invariably have found them voted "top notch," "scrump," "A 1 refined," "just a dream," "celestial," "indescribably ripping," "beyond description," "perfection perfected," "must be seen to be believed," or "absolutely the high water mark." Thus year by year the popularity of the Camp progresses—in G.P. not A.P.—so that last year it reached the standard of Elysium. Having unanimously decided (Nem. Con., as the Lit. and Deb. would have us say) that this year's camp was an infinite improvement even on that of 1912, we found it incumbent upon us, for the honour of the delegation as well as for the veracity of this report, to discover something insuperably superior to the judgment accorded last session. Hence in desperation the writer froze on to the three words chosen, with the faint hope that they might convey the idea of being somewhere about the limit, beyond which one's descriptive muse would fail to soar—that, in other words of the common or garden variety, the joy-star of student life attained its zenith in Swanwick, 1913. So much by way of apologetic explanation. If by good luck, or rather good constitution, you, my heroic reader, have survived the agony entailed in following thus far, continue the deep breathing exercise, I pray you, and plunge with me still further into the dreaded abyss.

At this stage of the tragedy one would dearly like to take off one's hat to the dauntless being who toiled incessantly to "raise the wind" for Swanwick. In this connection we remember with feeling the words of Scott:—

"The time was short, the money small,
Sir Ernest's face was like a pall;
His scanty hoard, his C.U. pay,
Seemed to have known a better day.
The subs, his sole remaining joy,
Were swopped for chocs. with our bun-boy.
The worst of all the Secs. was he
That begged and prayed for L.S.D.,
For lack-a-day his date was fled,
His paying members all were dead;
And he, neglected and oppressed,
Wished to be with them and at rest."

Poor old man! He had a rough passage. Working day and night, with no time for grub and very little time for Op. English, he was often heard to murmur listlessly:—

"Oh money-bags, where are the charms
That students have seen in thy face?
Better swot to the tune of alarums
Than go at this horrible pace."

Truly his lot was unenviable, but the luck did change, and the money did come in. Then his note became quite perky, and he was wont to warble Schuman's inspiring air:—

"My name is William Ward,
I'm the leader of the band,
Of all the bands it is the best,
The best in all the land.
Ta-ra-ra!

Of course I am the extortioner,
And it's many the bob i've got
From Hartley College Students,
Of whom you hear such a lot.

For the bobs go bang, and the threepennies
clang,
And the pennies blaze away;
Sir Roland takes the postage stamps,
We all join in the fray.
Ta-ra-ra!

Pay me! pay me! tootles the Sec.,
The money is something grand,
And a credit to old Hartley
Is W. W.'s band."

The money obtained, nought was wanting save the delegation. Truly an insignificant omission. There is usually a rush for front seats, but this year matters were reversed. Exams and other evil influences contrived to make the selection much more difficult than was previously anticipated; but the fact remains undisputed and indisputable that the delegation was chosen, that it did go, that it was the largest that we had ever sent, and that it enjoyed its little self to the top of its young bent.

Two delegates were solemnly invested with the Grand Order of Company Officers; or to be more correct, one was appointed with all signalia; the other turned up on false pretences. The officers of the movement however, moved by his youthful, ingenuous appearance, created him the chair-duster-in-chief, which position he held till tired.

The men's delegation was divided among two bell-tents; one party remained select, the other sharing its glory with a Midland University. Methinks each tent fared right well, and it ill becomes me to declare which had the better time. Suffice it to say that the interchange of friendly visits between the tents was most touching, despite the absence of afternoon tea.

Haddon Hall was again visited, and again provided unlimited, undiluted, unalloyed pleasure. Unlike last year, the delegation went in unison, and sported righte merrilie on ye greene, albeit two members of ye delegation sported not in ye other assembly of lords and ladies. We were amused, instructed and edified by the recital of our guide. She had certainly learnt her 200 lines, and deserved no end of distinctions. Possibly our concentration was not of the keeuest, for I fear me greatly that our ideas pertaining to the historic associations of the Hall were crude in the extreme. Did the guide say that Dorothy Varden eloped, or that it was Queen Elizabeth? It matters not. At all events, we distinctly remember that the lady in question had attained the tender age of 96 summers. Possibly too, our attention was distracted by the unseemly behaviour of the fairer members of the delegation, who would persist in vigorously handling the valuable tapestry, etc., which, as they were repeatedly informed, they "mustn't touch."

"Fraility thy name is Woman."

Shakespeare.

Still in justice to the ladies, be it said that one observed not a few men furtively smoothing their rebellious hair before the mirror patronised by the Virgin Queen. "*Vanitas Vanitatum*," or "A hair in the head is worth two in the brush," as Bacon says, or was it Lamb? At all events the camp-ward journey successfully welded together the various factions, and, harmony being restored, a friendly scrum ensued in the railway carriage—just to show there was no ill-feeling. One marked one's man—marked him for life—and felt an unholy joy. Some such experience must have floated thro' the mind of Tennyson, when he penned those immortal lines, the echo of whose refrain steals even now upon our shell-like, auricular appendages.

"I cannot rest from travel

I
Have enjoyed greatly, suffered greatly,
With those that loved me . . ."

Sports day was again a red-letter-day; the slight rain only enhancing the charm of the Sports themselves.

One will carry thro'out life the smile that haunted E.W.'s, countenance, when, in the Music Race, one young hopeful thrust a pre-historic cracknel—as hard as Browning, as dry

as Bacon—into his thorax, or chest, which is a cavity conical in shape (*Hygiene Notes*).

"I can see it all, as a dreamer may,
The tender smile on your lips that day."

The resultant melody was charmingly executed, for we remember hearing

"A human voice in bird-like trills.
He pauses, and little rapture-rills
Went trickling downward thro' each vein."

The Elephant Race was a glorious example of British bulldog tenacity in the face of enormous odds (Suffragette on the course). But, with all apologies to E.W., the Music Race as an evidence of England's pre-eminence in the world of music can hardly be considered a success. The Bolster-bar, too could hardly be claimed as evidence in favour of the Darwinian theory.

The instruments of the village band had been commandeered for the occasion, and suitable selections were rendered at intervals in the performance. Disability to play a single note constituted the only essential qualification. Brother Ernest conducted in a spirited, but feeling manner.

"I can see him now, Horatio
His hair on end like quill on the fretful porpentine."
(More Shakespeare.)

I should like, my tender reader, to prolong your agony, to continue to harrow your feelings—under chloroform, of course—by a description of the other endless forms of jollity; of the Camp Inspection with its chambers of horrors, and ghastly operation; of Mr. Rowntree's special ability in washing-up; of Mr. Virgo, that rotund embodiment of his song "Smile whenever you can"; of the Soccer matches with Neville Talbot's 78-in. in goal; of the Edinburgh men with their piper and patriotic reels; of the Federation meeting; of pleasant companionships formed or strengthened; and of a hundred and one other things, all equally dear to the memory. Each is a small yet beautiful piece, helping to form the mosaic of the perfect holiday under canvas.

But I dare not. If you have persisted in your struggle thro' the lines already penned, you deserve the V.C.—"for valour." But I would ask you, old chap, in all goodwill, whether you

think it worth your while to go to 1914 Swanwick, and see for yourself. Eight-hundred men, and 800 women thought so last year, before they registered. They were certain of it after they had been. And dinna forget, will you? that it is a real happy time that you will have; that you can't help it; that Christians are the happiest of people; and that students are the happiest of Christians.

That this has been frightful piffle to read I agree with you. That it has been jolly good to write you must agree with me; for the field rings again and again—not with the tramp of the 22 men—but with the laughter of hundreds—and one aches for Swanwick 1914. Will you register? Good man! Shake!

That you can have only a passable time there is impossible; that you will have a ripping time is certain; that you may have a better time than "*ne plus ultra*" even I wish you—if that be possible.

If it be impossible, dinna worry. You'll have the time of your life, man.

I send thee what is writ
Regard it as truth
Swanwick's joys shall make amends
For time this letter wastes, thy time and mine,
Till when, once more thy pardon, and farewell.



LAPSUS LINGUAE.

▼ ▼ ▼

"A chiel's amang ye takin' notes,
And, faith, he'll prent it."

Burns—"Captain Cross."



"This goes in at one ear and out at the
other like water on a duck's back."

Mr. Dudley.

"The women in France are demanding to
be guillotined."

Mr. Price.

"How long did the Thirty Years' War
last?"

Dr. Horrocks.

"Look at the forest of hands, quite three!"

Mr. Phillips.

"A 'Solitaire' is a man whose wife is dead!"

Mr. Davis.

"There is an island 22 miles by 4 in a lake which is 33
miles by 3."

Mr. Marle.

"An optical square is a circular box."

Mr. Baldwin-Wiseman.

"'Jubæ' is used for the mane of a *male* lion."

Mr. Crawford.

"Who was Tull(e)y?"

Prof. Masom.

"Do you think I am like Venus?"

Mr. O. Simon.

"During a polo match I scored a goal which was disallowed
for using three hands."

Miss Kiddle.

"In each term there will be about three meetings, half of which will be held in the Hartley University College."

Mr. Fawcett.

"She had surrendered her hair to spread out in the winds, having tied the flowing curls in a knot round her bare knee."

Mr. Alford.

"Mr. Booker did not stop to think which was the fulcrum and which was the power when at dinner he *lifted his knife to his mouth*."

Mr. Davis.

"We will now proceed to rehearse all that we have already done."

Prof. Stansfield.

"However accurate, no experimental method can be perfect in this world."

Mr. Tomlinson.

"Rickets are caused by certain constituents in food not being present."

Mr. Dudley.

"If you have a lens more strongly curved on one side than the other, the flat side should be towards the object."

A Physics Lecturer.

"Thin walled leaves from deciduous trees and shrubs face the danger by fleeing from it."

Prof. Sutherland.

"Water is made by passing *sparks* through the mixed gases."

Prof. Boyd.

"If he will sell me the book second-hand, I won't buy one."

Mr. Lett.

"You will find a lot of very hard holes in bones."

Sergt. Collins.

"Suppose a child puts the cylinder through a hole which is too small."

Dr. Jones.

"I should take nearly one person in each lesson."

Miss Fox.

"I had two dances booked with the same man and he was one of them."

A Student.

"He came up two or three times for a second helping."

Mr. Cleary.

"Is anybody here a Logical Student?"

A Mathematics Lecturer.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Notice.—The Editor is always glad to hear from readers, but those who write to ask for information on knotty points should enclose a fee for 10/6 to cover expenses of research, consultation and what not.

PEGASUS.—We have read your poem on the Bargate with great interest and delight. It is very touching. But unfortunately the Bargate is a subject of much controversy, and we try to avoid controversial topics in this Magazine. People, you see, are so touchy; and your poem is so touching. Otherwise, we should have been glad to print it. Very glad indeed. We particularly admire the clever way in which you get in an effective rhyme by comparing going under the Bargate with going to Margate—a felicitous simile. We have all had that feeling. The lines in which you rhyme "Ha! Gate!" with "Bargate" are exceedingly pathetic, though the rhyme itself is perhaps not quite the thing. We admit, however, that you could plead the authority of Professor Rippman in support of it.

CHESTNUT GROVE.—Your tale about the Curate's Egg caused us to roar with laughter. We do not print it because we think it should be reserved for the prince of comic papers. You should send it to *Punch*. We are sure it will be as new to them as it is to us. But did this incident really happen, or did you invent the story? It seems too good to be true. "Good in parts." Ha! ha! You don't give us the Bishop's reply.

NATATOR.—You have our sympathy. We ourselves have often been hindered in a morning, when the water has come up to the railway gates. We admire the way in which, according to your account, you plunged in and swam through the flood, rather than turn back, and be late for lekker. It was rather hard on you that on your arrival the Professor should reprimand you for entering the room in such a wet condition. His reproof would act rather as a damper upon you, and you were damp enough already. You would be damper even than the man who walked seven miles in a heavy rain to hear the late Father Stanton preach. After the service he went to speak to the preacher. "Father Stanton," he said, "when I reached the Church I was wet to the skin, but your sermon has dried me up."

JOHN OF GAUNT.—We take your points in order—(1.) It was not your namesake, but Don John of Austria, who won the famous battle of Lepanto. (2.) We fear that your argument as to the pioneership of Lancashire in elementary education cannot be supported. The Lancasterian schools were called by that name, not from the county, but from their originator, Joseph Lancaster, a Londoner. (3.) There is no reason whatever to suppose that when Burns wrote—"O my Luve's like a red, red rose," he was referring to a Lancashire lady. (4.) You were quite right when you told your ardent Welsh friend that Mr. Lloyd George is a Lancashire man. He was born in Manchester. (5.) We sympathise with you in your championship of your native county. In the words of the poet Ben Brierley of Chowbent—

"Aw luv it! Aw luv it, an' who shall dare
To stop me fro' settin' my 'art's luv there."

But you mustn't overdo it; and you go too far when you suggest that England should be organised under the Duchy of Lancaster, with Mr. Lloyd George retained as Chancellor of the Duchy, and with Lord Beauchamp as Minister of Health.

CONSTANT READER.—We always like to get letters from you. They are so merry and bright and inspiring. Your quotations from Homer, Spinoza, and Ella Wheeler Wilcox are very apropos. We must also thank you for introducing us to the poem—"A Psalm of Life," which you give in full. It is quite new to us, and we cannot find it in the "Golden Treasury." You do not mention the author's name. Perhaps he is one of the new poets. Is it John Masefield? The piece has something of his strenuous note.—We agree with you

that the line—"Let us then be up and doing," ought to be inscribed on the walls of every student's bedroom, so that it might be the first thing to catch his eye when he awoke in the morning. Reading letters and quotations like yours lifts one above all sordid thoughts and interests. We have tackled your questions relating to the race between Achilles and the Tortoise, the value of "Pi," and the cost of herrings based on that of a-herring-and-a-half, and have the answers all ready. But we must remind you of the "Notice" above. You forget the postal orders. We cannot afford to forget them. Trusting to hear from you again, and hoping you will have a very pleasant vacation.

SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY.

THE Society this session has made a good start. The membership has already passed last year's figure, in spite of the smaller number of students, and though it may not be possible to beat the record, yet this year should be a close second. The number of members so far is 91, which is a very creditable percentage of the students in College.

In spite of the verdict of the Lit. & Deb. we are pleased to note that so many students have been enlightened, and that they appreciate the opportunities which the Society offers for gaining knowledge under the most agreeable conditions.

Up to the time of going to press, only one paper has been read before the Society, *vis.*—that by Mr. Marle on "Terra Nova." This paper was listened to by over 70 members, most of whom attended the tea.

The lecture was an unqualified success. A great number of exceedingly interesting slides were shown, all prepared by the lecturer himself.

The whole lecture was a thrilling narrative of personal adventures among the winter snows of Newfoundland; but lest we should take away a wrong impression of the climatic conditions of the country, we were shewn slides of some of the most beautiful scenery it is possible to imagine, *vis.*—that of the country under summer conditions.

All who attended the meeting must have gained a great deal of information about this colony, which they had hitherto regarded as a blot on the map, and our sincere thanks are due to Mr. Marle for his interesting and instructive lecture. Our appreciation was expressed by Mr. Godden and Mr. Mead in a vote of thanks.

A very good programme of lectures has been arranged, and it is to be hoped that the attendance will not fall off after this very satisfactory start.

R. G. T.

ENGINEERING SOCIETY.

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THE Annual General Meeting of the Society was held on Saturday, October 25th. At the conclusion, Mr. A. H. Burnand, a past member of the Engineering Staff, gave a most instructive paper on "Marine Oil Motors."

The second meeting of the session was held on Saturday, November 15th, when a paper on "Railway Bridges" was read by Mr. C. F. Knight of Eastleigh. As Mr. Knight is an expert on Bridges, his paper was very useful, and an interesting discussion followed.

The last meeting of the term has been arranged to take place on November 29th. The paper is to be read by Mr. F. E. Wentworth-Shields on "The Widening of Trafalgar Dock." A paper on this subject by such an eminent authority should provide much valuable information.

R. M.

M. C. R.

* * *

WHEN the term opened, those of us who now fill the rôle of Seniors had to welcome the freshers to our luxurious haven of refuge and tranquility.

The serenity of the Common Room has been little disturbed, the Juniors seemingly having little sartorial taste. We deplore the universal sombreness and propriety of junior hose.

Nominations for the election of Society Officers took place with the wonted quietness and orderliness. We all seemed overwhelmed with the gravity of our responsibilities, knowing that the World has its eyes on us, and that what the M.C.R. thinks to-day, the World thinks to-morrow. The legislative triumphs of the World are won in the Common Room of Hartley.

The repose which all seek in the sanctuary has been largely due to the firmness of its Chairman, whose iron hand is truly enclosed in a velvet glove. He and his Committee have assiduously pointed out to transgressors their mistakes, and have impressed on them the errors of their ways.

We were glad to have the report of the Junior member of the Senate, and trust that he will pursue his progressive policy.

We tender our heartiest, and shall we say our little-Mary-felt thanks to Dr. Hill and Mr. Kiddle for their kindness in providing the crockery for those who partake of luncheon in the precincts. We shall never scald the cat or burn our tongues without thinking of them. May their dreams be blessed by visions of grateful diners with kettles and teapots pouring out warm benisons on their heads.

Might we enter a protest to the M.C.R. papers against somnambulism. The "Athletic News," in particular, seems weary for a look at life. As there are a few beyond the small and select circle of students who use it, we very much desire it to make its permanent and only abode—the M.C.R.

J. F. S.

CHRISTIAN UNION.

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WOMEN'S BRANCH.

THE term commenced with a "Pre-sessional Conference" of the combined committees on Saturday and Sunday, October 4th and 5th. Miss Aubrey took the chair at the Saturday evening meeting, and Mr. Tomlinson presided at the Saturday afternoon and Sunday meetings. On the Saturday, papers were read and discussed on proposed work for the term, especially with regard to Canon Green's addresses. The Sunday meetings were purely devotional.

On October 11th a Welcome Tea was given to the Juniors. There were between twenty and thirty women students present. After tea, Miss Aubrey and Miss Chappell extended a hearty welcome to the Juniors. Miss Chappell explained the work and aims of the Christian Union, and gave a short account of the Conference held at Swanwick.

The great events in the work of the C.U. this term have been the addresses given by Canon Green. These were arranged for both men and women students. The first of the meetings was held on November 3rd. It was preceded by a reception, kindly given by the Principal, who afterwards took the chair at the evening meeting. This was well attended. The students did not turn out in quite such good numbers to the addresses given on November 4th and 6th. Canon Green's addresses are likely to be remembered by all who heard them. The Canon is essentially a student's man, thoroughly understanding and sympathising with the difficulties of student life.

Three Bible Circles have been formed, with a total membership of about twenty-five. The book which is being studied is "Discipleship," by F. H. Angus, since it proved so interesting and helpful last year.

Two combined meetings have been held this term. These were addressed by the Rev. H. T. Spencer, M.A., M.Sc., and the Rev. F. B. Keymer, M.A., respectively. Mr. Keymer spoke on the same subjects as Canon Green, only from his own point of view.

M.R.F.

 MEN'S BRANCH.

This term has probably been the busiest in the history of the Christian Union, and it will be marked by many as the most memorable one of their college careers.

Before term commenced a short pre-sessional conference was held in order to discuss the plans for the whole of the ensuing session, with special reference to the visit of Canon Peter Green, of Manchester. The Welcome Tea followed soon afterwards, and nearly every junior and a good number of seniors were present. The solos and choruses after tea were very much appreciated. The Committee desire to thank all those who helped with subscriptions to give the tea.

The Sunday meetings have been fairly well attended and a series of very interesting addresses has been given by friends in the town, including Rev. J. H. Pearce, B.A., Rev. Peter Buchan, Mr. J. H. Hunt, Rev. F. B. Keymer, M.A., Rev. Mark Earl, Mr. W. C. Thomas, B.A., and the Rev. H. T. Spencer, M.A., M.Sc.

Four Bible Circles have been formed. Three are studying "Discipleship," by C. F. Angus, M.A., which deals with Christianity and social relationships, and the fourth is taking "Studies in the Teaching of Jesus," by J. H. Oldham, M.A.

We were very fortunate in obtaining the services of Canon Peter Green during the first week of November. Those of us who met him at Swanwick in July, immediately after he had addressed one of the large evening meetings, knew that his comprehensive grasp of modern problems, combined with his remarkable freshness and sympathy, would appeal to almost every student in the College. We were not disappointed, and many, whether members of the C.U. or not, have much to thank him for in the way of real help in meeting difficulties. Almost as important as the evening meetings were the informal meetings at tea in the town. On three occasions about fifteen men sat down to tea, and speedily losing any reserve, were able to discuss freely and more intimately all manner of topics which are important to-day.

On Monday, the 3rd November, Dr. Hill very kindly gave a reception to all students to meet Canon Green. About one hundred and thirty attended, and after tea an adjournment was made to the library for Canon Green's first address. His subject was: "The Opportunity of To-day." Canon Green dealt with the social unrest which, he said, is greater than is generally recognised, and may take either of two totally different directions. If the general attitude is to be that of Marx, that every age produces its own ethics, and a solution according to the philosophy of force and power so widely preached now as a result of the teachings of Nietzsche, the unrest might with the help of money and machine guns be kept down for a time, but justice would not be given, and a permanent solution would not be arrived at. The only true and permanent salvation is to be found in Christian ethics, and in order to be of any value in effecting this salvation, Christianity must be restated in the idiom of the day, and brought into harmony with modern science and philosophy. The problems at home are intimately connected with our relations abroad. The success of our own efforts at home will be profoundly affected by our attitude to the nations which are arising or re-awakening. The types of difficulties abroad may be divided into (1) The problem of ancient civilisations, especially that of China. (2) The problem of new nations, such as Australia and New Zealand. Are these to be a help through common hopes, ideals and faith? (3) The Colour problem. Britain stands or falls by its treatment of the Blacks whom God has entrusted to our care.

On Tuesday, November 4th, Canon Green spoke on "The Man for the Opportunity." The opportunities presented by the great modern problems of thought and action may strike us as overwhelming. We realise our limitations and ineffectiveness. But God knows us better and sees in us what we may become. We are what we may become, but our possibilities are all too little developed. The only man who can be of any real service to his generation in solving these problems is the man of first-hand religious experience. "We speak what we do know." This first-hand knowledge is essential. The religion of a man who can only say: "Lord, we have heard with our ears, etc.," is without power and is a dead weight upon him. To be of real value a man must be able to say: "We ourselves have seen and known." Everyone begins with the former type of religion, but without the second it must develop into practical unbelief. This is not such a hard saying as at first appears; neither need it deter anyone from seeking God. Religion is a boundless quest. Success in this quest is conditioned, however, by the attitude of the searcher. He must obey a threefold injunction.

"Be Pure; Be Good; Be Patient." Many of us owe our unbelief to the fact that we are bad and do not possess meekness, gentleness, and teachableness. God is the subject of experimental science—God is Holiness. A man's sin will bring down the curtain between him and God.

The first step in attacking the problems of the day is to deal with ourselves. We need a religion in order to place ourselves in a right relationship to our environment. This is the only way in which strength and power may be obtained, and true happiness is first obtained by a man when he has found out what he believes and what his life's work is to be. Without a belief in God, man's life is askew, and the fullest sense of happiness is felt when a man can say "God suits me and I suit Him. The need for God is felt most in influencing others. "If you need God for yourself, you need Him for other people." Thus one must take God for good and for all by making an entire consecration of ourselves to Him. We must "Grovel down before God."

Canon Green then went on to deal with sources of disappointment and unsuccess in the religious life. The first source of unhappiness is an incomplete conversion. Man is a revolted territory, and there must be a daily effort to bring into subjection to God our emotions, thought and will. It is then that the amazing power of Christ to save one from sin is felt. Then there must be no making truce with one particular sin. This is worse than giving up religion altogether. God's mercy and goodness are infinite and it is impossible to presume on them, but with confidence in Him and a daily determination to surrender ourselves to God, the foundations of a truly religious life may be laid.

An account of Canon Green's third address will appear in the next Magazine.

E. W.

CHORAL SOCIETY.

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No time was lost by the Committee in choosing choral work for this session. Before three weeks of the term had gone we were breaking the ice of Mendelssohn's 42nd Psalm. We are a company of eighty strong, and with Miss Aubrey and Mr. Leake as guides have soon got into smooth water. "As the hart pants" appeals to us all, and we are looking forward to a happy wind-up in a concert.

T.C.

MALE VOICE CHOIR.



THE first practice of the above was held on Friday, November 14th, in room 26, and as this date is just three days before we go to press, more can be expected from this column in the Easter Magazine. We muster a company of twenty-four, including members of the staff. Mr. Leake has kindly consented to lead us, and judging by what we did at the first practice we look forward to having a good time.

T.C.

LITERARY AND DEBATING SOCIETY.



THIS is a Society which more than any other, year after year, continues extremely popular. That this should be so, in an institution like ours, is only what should be expected, and yet the beginning of each Session causes one to discuss the question—What will the Freshers be like? Will they debate? or Will they listen and then vote?

We are extremely pleased to have seen these questions answered in the right way.

We have, without a doubt, some huddling politicians, who professedly are using the Society as a preparation for St. Stephens.

One honourable member, who is always in the thick of the fight has already announced that he intends one day to "catch the eye" of Mr. Speaker.

The House at its first sitting on October the 30th discussed the respective merits of Science and Art as a training for modern life.

Mr. Booker, leading for the Government, proposed, "That in the opinion of this House a Scientific Education is a better equipment for life under modern conditions than a Literary Education."

The honourable member held that the most important part of man's education was a training in self preservation, how to gain a livelihood, and how to develop a community to the best advantage. A scientific education, he held, was the best training for the development of the powers necessary to fulfil these various duties.

Mr. Naylor led the opposition, and argued that science made a man hard, narrow and cruel, whilst literature developed all that was best in a man and gave him a sane outlook on life.

Mr. Norman seconded for the Government and said that clear precise thinking was necessary for modern life—scientific education was the best means to obtain this training.

Mr. Davies seconded for the Opposition, and devoted himself to elaborating his leaders arguments and attacking those already brought forward by the Government.

A somewhat interesting if not altogether relevant debate followed.

Mr. Fawcett (Deputy Speaker,) then put the motion to the House.

There voted:—

For the Motion	...	27
Against	...	30
Opposition Majority	...	3

The benches were well filled when on November 13th, the House met to discuss Woman's Suffrage.

The Government Leader Miss Doris Thomas moved,—“This House is of the opinion that women should be admitted to the political life of this country.”

The proposer argued that Woman was Man's complement, that if she had municipal rights, she ought to have parliamentary rights. She held that on the grounds of equality and right of representation, Woman was entitled to full political freedom.

Miss Seaton for the Opposition, whilst admitting the complementary character of man's and woman's natures still held that their spheres were entirely separate, and that Woman's emotions rendered her unsuitable for taking part in political affairs.

Miss E. Ryder, in seconding the Government's proposition, pointed out the many sections of legislation that needed woman's mind and influence to be successfully dealt with.

Miss Hand, in seconding for the Opposition pointed out that woman's sphere was the home and that those political rights which were her due, she could exercise in municipal matters.

The ensuing discussion was decidedly good. The whole sitting was marked by keen attention on the part of all members. The tone of finality assumed by one keen lady supporter of the Government, was rendered very far from final by being met by the searching "just so" of the member for the Workhouse.

Mr. Dudley, Deputy Speaker, then put the Motion the House.

They voted—

For the Motion..	34
Against the Motion	24
			—
Government Majority	..		10
			—

At a fairly representative sitting of the House on December 5th, another burning question of the day was discussed.

Mr. Godden moved—"That in the opinion of this House, Socialism is the only permanent cure for Unemployment and Poverty."

He prefaced his remarks by the axiom that the Right to Work is the Right to Live.

He then proceeded to deal with statistics of people below the poverty line in our large cities. He briefly discussed the results of this state of affairs and the causes.

He held that only a Social state, *i.e.*, the State controlling industry, could solve the problem.

Dr. Horrocks in opposing the Motion, held that the Prime Minister had not put a Bill before the House.

He admitted the evils of the capitalistic system, but also held that many of the socialistic proposals were economically unsound. The State could regulate production, but not consumption.

He closed by putting it to the House as his opinion, backed up by what is reported from the Solomon Isles, that socialism, since it discourages enterprise, would lead to a general state of degeneracy.

Mr. Ward in seconding for the Government, dealt with some of the problems of over-production. He argued that Social Reform, with the State as at present organised, increases the power of capitalist. For any lasting benefit to accrue the system must be altered.

Mr. Lane in supporting the opposition, held that the present state was better than the "chance of improvement" that might arise from a change.

His main point was that the Socialist in his dreams of a regenerated Society has forgotten the most important factor,—Human Nature.

A very animated discussion followed, some amusement being afforded the House by two members on different sides of the House quoting *Thring* to support directly opposite arguments.

The House then divided.

The Speaker (Prof. Lyttel) announced the figures as follows:—

For the Motion..	..	21
Against the Motion	..	29
Opposition Majority	..	8

I. R. J.

CENTRAL UNION BALANCE SHEET, 1912-1913.

Income.				£	s.	d.
Balance from 1912	2	3	0
Composition Fees	74	0	6
Council Grant	20	0	0
Dr. Hill	5	0	0
Staff	8	2	6
Income from other sources:—						
Magazine	23	14	10½
Tennis Club	5	6	4
Football Club	0	12	2
M.C.R.	0	14	6
				£139	13	10½
Expenditure.				£	s.	d.
Men's Representation Council	4	13	8
Women's "	1	16	1
Cricket Club	23	17	6
Tennis	31	10	1
Choral Society	1	0	0
Chess Club	0	16	3
Harriers	1	1	10
Physical Culture Club	3	1	0
Magazine	39	3	4
Football	24	18	11
Rugby	2	2	6½
Central Union Expenses	0	4	4
Balance	134	5	6½
				5	8	4
				£139	13	10½

Audited and found correct.

G. M. CHAPPELL.

I. R. JAMES.

December 4th, 1913.

SOIRÉE NOTES. ✕ ✕

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THE Welcome Soirée which was held on October 25th was a great success. The Juniors were well represented, especially by the ladies, and we were very pleased by the presence of so many members of the staff.

The success attained was partly due to the kindness of Mr. and Mrs. Phillips who had previously arranged a men's dancing class.

During the interval, the Principal, with his usual geniality and kindness, extended a warm welcome to the Juniors.

Mr. T. Winter, an Old Hartleyan, very generously gave his services as pianist, and the duties of M.C. were carried out by the Misses Chappell and E. Ryder and Messrs. Glover and Rhodes.

The dancing finished at 10.30 p.m. and all agreed that a most enjoyable evening had been spent.

A.R.

"G" COMPANY NOTES.

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By the time these notes are in print the trained men and recruits will have shaken themselves down to their territorial work and have made a somewhat presentable hole in their drills and lectures. The recruits, although numbering less than in previous years, have shown by their general efficiency and smartness that they are well up to the standard and can maintain the traditions of the Company. It is extremely pleasing to note that the Engineers are joining, and if, as has been suggested, an Engineer Section can be formed, our status will be considerably raised with a corresponding increase of value to the Battalion.

The weather, the varied nature of the work, and the proximity to the town all contributed to make the annual training at Blandford a most enjoyable time. The Camp was pitched on a fairly high part of the Downs from which a splendid view of the woods surrounding Blandford could be obtained. Its only drawback was one which necessitated repeated brushing of clothes, for wherever we walked or sat there would be chalk. There was chalk on our putties, chalk in our boots, in every conceivable nook and cranny chalk was to be found. It was soon found that even chalk had its uses, and it induced a glorious shine on buttons and badges.

The first week was spent in minor tactical exercises in preparation for the second week's extensive programme of field exercises. We practised four second rushes until our bodies were bruised and sore, and what with extended order, pickets, outposts, night marches (thistles and glow worms), and ceremonial parades, we fondly imagined we had at last encountered the enemy-work. As usual the practical jokes was well to the fore. It would be inadvisable to describe the jokes as the present recruits are so sharp that the same annual jokes would be for the first time impossible. There is one however which is not likely to be played in any camp again. A particularly innocent senior (juniors please note) happened one day to miss his waistcoat. He was terribly concerned because of prospects of

maternal wrath. The genius in charge passed the report on in true military fashion to the Quartermaster-Sergeant who could do nothing without a written and signed report. With the willing assistance of a very sympathetic squad, Pte. X. made the report out as follows:—

Value of Waistcoat	3s. od.
Bodily discomfort	2s. od.
Mental strain and anxiety ..	3s. 6d.
Total	8s. 6d.

He was rather surprised to find his missing property when breaking camp, but the Quartermaster's files contain at least one human document.

It is pleasant to recall the fact that Captain Maxwell considered that the turn-out and all-round smartness was very good, and that the tents showed evidence of careful attention.

The prizes awarded were:

Best Tent	Cpl. Marshall.
Efficiency Prize—Junior N.C.O.'s ..	Cpl. Marshall.
" Men	Pte. Lovell.
Battalion Spoon Shoot	Sergt. White.
Spoons—Trained Men	L.-Cpl. Bell.
" "	Pte. Tucker.
" Recruits	L.-Cpl. Leigh.
" "	Pte. Falcon

A Regimental Cross-Country Run was held over an extremely rough piece of country. "G" Company was well to the front with twenty-six starters.

Members of the Company also competed in the sports in Blandford.

The Annual Battalion Cross-Country Run was held on November 15th. There was a very poor field, only eleven men starting. The first place was secured by Pte. Lovell of "G," and the Championship again comes to the Company.

Perhaps the most important trophy we have won is the Perkins Challenge Shield. This is awarded on general efficiency throughout the year, special attention being paid to the Annual Inspection and to Camp. There is good authority for saying that there was no question as to whether it was deserved by "G" Company.

OUTPOST.

FOOTER NOTES.

* * *



So far, this season has been a great success. Altogether we have played nine matches, winning six and losing three. In the league we have played 4 matches, winning all with a goal-record of 17-0, an admirable performance. The defence is undoubtedly the star part of the team. Quinton shows himself a capable custodian, and is rarely

troubled because of the fineness of Glover and Mummery, the former's aggressiveness and kicking, and the latter's tackling and quickness of recovery, being all that can be desired; the halves are all stalwarts—Millard at right-half being good in defence and ever ready to help the forwards, while Williams on the left is almost invincible and uses his head to advantage. Moody, at centre-half, by his powerful kicking and tackling, proves a thorn in our opponents' side. The forwards generally are brilliant in mid-field but weak near goal, and there has been a lack of cohesion which it is hoped will be remedied by the inclusion of Glover at centre. Tulley, on the right, is dangerous through his speed and resoluteness; Graham is always in the thick and gets goals; Naylor is useful by his neat passes and good centres, while Cooke is a noted opportunist and has obtained a good number of goals. Broughton, though light, is nippy and clever, while Uren after he has settled down will be one of the best through his accurate shooting and passing. Unfortunately we lost our cup-tie at Totton by 2-1, but our opponents' methods were questionable. Now we have to concentrate on the league, for which we should make a good bid, led by our captain, whose pluck and doggedness whilst injured has been proved. The Juniors have provided us with three good players in Moody, Millard and Uren.

Stud Marks.

The place of reproach—Totton.

What were Glover and Mummery doing against Southsea?

What does Moody train on? Is it Yorkshire "Pudden"?

Is Edgar relieved at doing the dentist out of a job?

Congrats. to those who have supported us so well this season.

What about the gallant 25?

Sat., Oct. 11.—Seniors v. Juniors. Result—Seniors 6, Juniors 0.

This, our opening match, caused considerable interest in the College, but it was little expected that the Juniors would equal the performance of last year's Juniors. After a very wet morning, the afternoon turned out fine for the match. Before a very encouraging crowd, Prof. Eustice kindly set the ball rolling for the Juniors. For the first 15 minutes play

was very even, and during that time the Juniors often seemed dangerous, but soon after the Seniors' superiority asserted itself, and from a breakaway, Graham opened the score for the Seniors with a shot that gave the goalie no chance. Encouraged by this success, the Seniors pressed hotly, and Millard, the Juniors' left back, was forced to concede a corner. Broughton placed the kick accurately, and Graham increased the score with a header. As a result of another corner, Naylor added a third a little later, while just before the interval, Graham completed his hat-trick with a fine shot. *Half-time—Seniors 4, Juniors 0.* On the resumption, the rain, which had threatened during the interval, came on very heavily, but this did not check the Seniors' forwards' aggressiveness. For the remainder of this half, there was only one team in it, and the score would probably have been greater had not the rain caused an early retirement from the field. The Seniors' crop of goals was carried to six, the scorers in the second half being Graham and Williams. The score in no way exaggerates the superiority of the Seniors, who, almost to a man, played very fine football, there being hardly a weak spot in the team. Special praise must however be given to Graham, King and Williams. Though the Juniors were decisively beaten, some of them showed football ability, and several of them have since found places in the teams. Moody was a tower of strength at centre-half, while Millard and Snellgrove defended finely at full-back. Their weakness lay in the forwards, who were easily held in check by the Senior backs.

Wed., Oct. 15.—v. Brockenhurst. Result—H.U.C. 5, Brock. 0.

We opened our Wednesday League fixtures by a visit from Brockenhurst. The match was played in fine weather before a fair crowd, and though Hartley pressed strongly at first, we did not score until nearly half-time, when Graham scored during a mêlée in the goal-mouth. In the second half, Hartley were superior all through, and further goals were scored by Cooke (2), Graham and Simmonds. The Hartley backs were safe and kicked strongly, and all our halves were excellent, Williams being the most prominent, while Moody was a good spoiler. Brockenhurst rarely visited Quinton in goal, and Hartley ran out easy victors.

Sat., Oct. 18.—v. Ordnance Survey. Result—H.U.C. 2, O.S. 0.

Played on the Ordnance Ground. In the first few minutes, play was pretty even, both goals being visited in turn without success to either side. Our side was hampered by the sun, but after about 25 minutes' play Cooke scored, this being the only goal obtained before half-time. After the interval, Ordnance pressed hard, but the defence proved strong and safe. Our second goal was the result of a movement initiated by Mummery, extended by Tulley, and completed by Naylor, who put the ball in the net. This match was a much better test of our ability, as our opponents were big and fast.

Wed., Oct. 22.—v. R.A.M.C. Result—H.U.C. 3, R.A.M.C. 0.

This match, which we regarded as one of our stiffest League encounters, we deservedly won by a decisive margin. Our backs defended finely against the strong forward line of the soldiers, and special credit must be given to Millard and Glover, who repeatedly broke up the combination of the R.A.M.C.'s fast left wing. Our goals were scored by Cooke, Simmonds and Millard, the latter's goal being the result of a long dropping shot.

Sat., Oct. 25.—v. Olympians. Olympians 2, H.U.C. 0.

On the latter's ground. The least said about this match the better. It was a game of lost opportunities, and our forwards, who should have secured quite a crop of goals, have only themselves to blame for this defeat. The Olympians availed themselves of their chances, though the goals they scored were indeed of a questionable nature.

Wed., Oct. 29.—v. Tramways. H.U.C. 5, Tramways 0.

We continued our league successes by defeating the Tramways at Regents Park in rather a scrappy game. Throughout we were superior, though our forwards were not as good as the score represents. Our scorers were Moody (3) and Graham (2).

Sat., Nov. 1.—v. Southsea. Result—Southsea 4, H.U.C. 3.

This match, played on our ground, was remarkable for the number of goals scored, and for the number of injuries sustained by our players. Against a very strong and heavy team, our players did remarkably well, considering the fact that Glover was compelled to retire from the field just before the interval, thus weakening our defence.

Southampton Junior Cup.—1st Round.

Sat., Nov. 8.—v. Totton. Totton 2, H.U.C. 1.

This was a very important match and we were all out to win. A pleasing feature was the presence of so many of our supporters, ready to encourage the team. At the outset it was evident that we were opposed to a fast and clever side, none too scrupulous in their methods, and throughout the game they were frequently penalised for fouls. After ten minutes, we were awarded a penalty, from which Glover scored, but unfortunately, owing to one of our players crossing the line, it was ordered to be taken again, and this time the goalkeeper saved, to our intense disappointment. Soon, to add to our discomfort, Totton scored a lovely goal. Though we had plenty of chances our forwards failed to score. *Half-time, Totton 1, H.U.C. 0.* The second half opened with an attack on our opponents' goal, but the forwards showed a distinct weakness in front of goal, and soon Totton increased their lead, with Quinton lying helpless after saving a shot at full length on the ground. After this, Glover came into the forward line, and signalled his appearance by a shot well out of the goalie's reach. No more goals were scored, and we were thus knocked out of the competition by at least an equal team, though by the many chances offered we ought to have made a draw. Our forwards were disappointing, as was King at centre-half, but it is no exaggeration to say that Glover was the outstanding player on the field, while Quinton in goal effected some marvellous saves.

Wed., Nov. 12.—v. Lymington. H.U.C. 4, Lymington 0.

At Lymington. We made amends for our defeat at Totton by defeating Lymington Wednesday in a very enjoyable game. On this occasion Glover played at centre-forward, and was a great success, scoring two goals. Our forwards played fine football in this match, and it was only the prevailing high wind that prevented them from increasing the score. Tulley easily overcame his opponents by his speed and dash, and scored a brilliant goal from an oblique angle. Cooke, too, played finely at left half and scored a good goal.

Sat., Nov. 15.—v. Ordnance Survey. Result—H.U.C. 5, O.S. 1.

In a slow and uninteresting game, we defeated our opponents in the return match. Ordnance scored first through a misunderstanding on the part of the backs, the breaking of the ball deceiving Quinton. Glover at centre-forward performed the hat-trick and Graham scored two, thus confirming his ability as a goal-getter:

Wed., Nov. 19.—v. Park Avenue. H.U.C. 2, Park 2.

Sat., Nov. 22.—v. Antelope St Mary's. H.U.C. 2, St. Mary's 0.

LEAGUE MATCHES.

	Played.	Won.	Drawn.	Lost.	Goals.		Points.
					For.	Agst.	
H.U.C.	5	4	1	0	19	2	9

SAT. MATCHES.

H.U.C.	6.	3	0	3	13	9	6
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Results.

WED. MATCHES.

Brokenhurst ..	H.	5—0
R.A.M.C. ..	A.	3—0
Tramways ..	H.	5—0
Lymington ..	A.	4—0
Park Avenue ..	H.	2—2

SAT. MATCHES.

Seniors 6, Juniors 0.	
Ordnance Survey ..	A. 2—0
Olympians ..	A. 0—2
Southsea ..	H. 3—4
Totton (Junior Cup)	A. 1—2
Antelope St. Mary's	H. 2—0

Second Eleven.

The form of the Second Eleven has been extremely consistent since the beginning of the present season. It has yet to record its first victory. Little talent has been found in the Juniors, and this accounts to a great extent for the non-success of the eleven. In spite of continued defeats the games have usually been well fought, and all have been pleasant.

The Committee has endeavoured, with small success, to find dark horses, but unfortunately they do not materialise. Nevertheless, a decided improvement has been shown during the last few games, and the initial victory should not be long in putting in an appearance.

Mention should be made of the fixture fulfilled with Winchester Second Eleven away. Although the game was strenuously fought in the first half, we were completely outclassed in the later stages to the tune of three to nil. We were entertained to tea by the Wintonians, and altogether a splendid time was spent.

The fixture list for the Spring term is a full one, most of the games being Saturday matches. It is hoped that the students will show a deeper interest in the second eleven than formerly by turning up and supporting it by means of their vocal organs, and that they will not always crowd only to the first-eleven matches.

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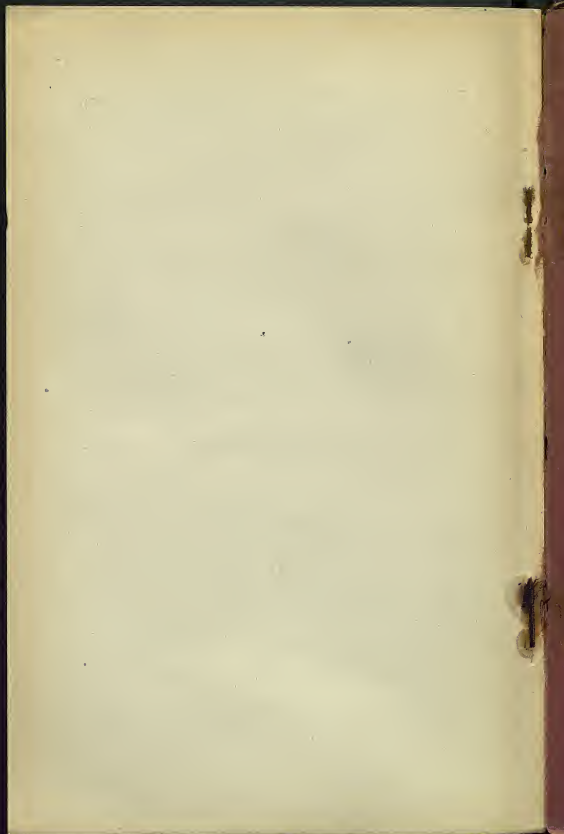
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